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SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

"BLACK & WHITE"

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Volume CLXXIX No. 2340 The SPHERE, London, November 25, 1944

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE BRITISH ARMY IN GERMANY : ON THE ROAD BETWEEN GANGELT AND GEILENKIRCHEN, just before the capture of the latter town—twelve British tanks take part in the great barrage put down on the German positions just across the border

Geilenkirchen lies within the Reich, over 20 miles to the west of Cologne : it was formerly a town of 20,000 people (of whom only 300 remain to-day), and had been converted by the Germans into an immensely strong position to which they held with great tenacity. It was captured at 1 p.m. on Sunday last by British and American troops operating as a team under British command. Before the capture of the town, British artillery and tanks laid down barrages on cross-roads and villages and on German positions around Geilenkirchen : when the Allied infantry moved up, their losses, in consequence, were "negligible." Several hundred prisoners (mostly Austrian) were rounded up within the first twenty-four hours. During the initial operations the twelve British tanks seen in this picture moved up to the Gangelt-Geilenkirchen road, to help in the barrage and to bombard the enemy positions not far away. The intensity of their bombardment is indicated by the piles of empty shell-cases seen in front of each tank

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A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. 273

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

The Fourth Partner.—

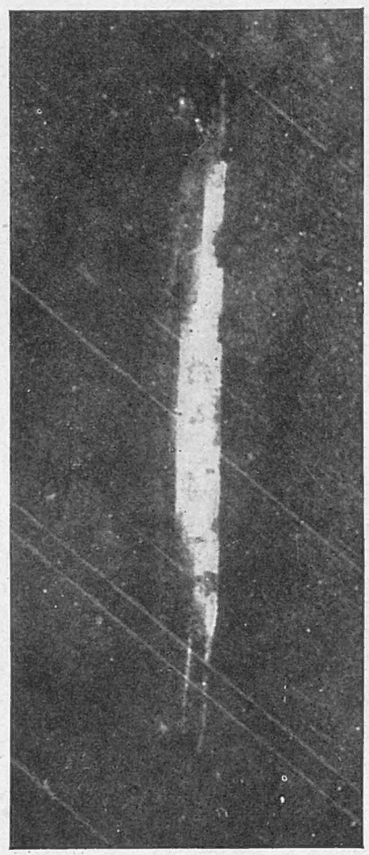
The atlas, not less than the history-book, tells us what we in Britain owe to France, and to a strong, friendly France. That geographical asset may grow less as the weapons of war increase in range and complexity, but the barrier of France, like the little ditch which divides her territory from ours, is still for us a mighty comfort. I am thinking in terms of bare security. No need to speak now or here of fountain-heads of European culture or seats of logic and reason, though these are matters of importance in a decent civilisation. A great power has re-emerged, and her contribution to the peace of the world will be invaluable to the other three and to Europe. The phrase, "working a passage home," has been sometimes too widely applied. It was coined for Nazi slaves and collaborators who "saw the light" only when they saw it red. The *soul* of France was never in darkness, never enslaved for even an hour; the *soil* of France was enslaved and engulfed. If those who kept her soul alight felt impatient and sometimes expressed impatience because the freeing of her soil outpaced the practical acknowledgment of her soul's integrity and the recognition of her uneclipsed importance in Europe, there were excuse and justification on both sides, on the side of France and on the side of her Allies. Each of the great Allied powers has since 1939 paid through the nose for its own failings and errors, and each has "worked its passage home" through stormy and rock-infested seas. And still they are at it; though the toil is being repaid at last. We envied Mr. Churchill his Freedom of Paris, greatly though he has deserved that honour. In some sort we enjoyed it ourselves in happier years, and we shall gladly enjoy it again. For you and me the freedom of Paris will be early and positive proof that at long last the nightmare is over and the lights going up again in the capitals of Europe. Meanwhile, the victory is still to be won, and the sooner the available divisions of the New France can be armed to take their full share in that victory, the better for all concerned in winning it—and the peace to follow. It is to me a curious reflection that of all the nations the two nearest to us in blood and geographical position—America and France—have in the past appeared the most difficult to understand. Let the dead past bury its dead. We have made giant strides in understanding of late, mutually; and it was high time we did.

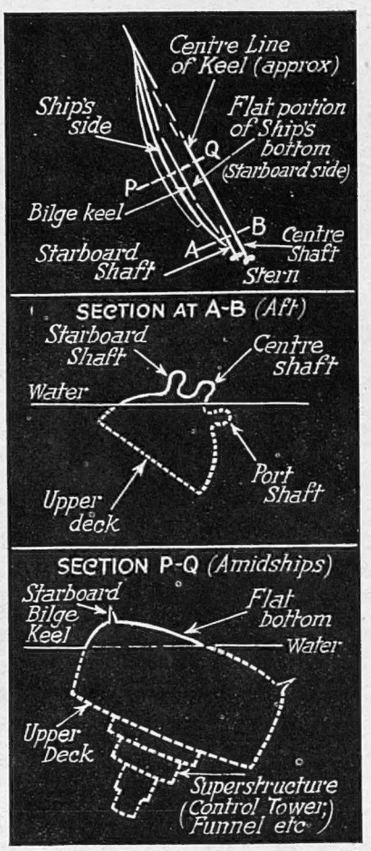
Hitler?—

Even the sober *Jupiter*, even the semi-sober B.B.C., takes mild note now of the mystery of Hitler's health and whereabouts. "Is he in Heaven, is he in Hell, that demned elusive Pimpernel?" [I can answer that pat: Alive or dead, at G.H.Q. or in a strait-jacket, he is in Hell, the nethermost Hell that a vain man, exploded, can suffer in.] But God's judgment does not satisfy our robust race, and we prosecute our inquiries as to where that Hell is situated. And to that inquiry I can contribute no ray of light. That there is something fishy about the Führer's present outward condition, I make no doubt at all. But does it now affect the course of this very long war? Would his death or incarceration in jug or Bedlam shorten the war? I fear not. Hitler or Himmler—whichever to-day holds the trumps, he holds a strong enough hand; for clubs are trumps. That führer-ridden nation long ago lost the war and knows it. But it has not yet lost a führer, and while the führer's hand holds enough clubs, it will hold enough trumps to hold down the German people to the task of saving the Nazi stakes and postponing the day of reckoning. For a few months more, Himmler will serve as well as Hitler for the Nazis and for the God of War. Clubs are still trumps in Germany and all the world over. I am reminded of an ancient jest from *Punch*: *Mistress*: "Do you know anything of my husband's whereabouts?" *Maid*: "Please 'm, I think they 're gone to the wash." That is the right place for Hitler's whereabouts also. But those Nazis have plenty of dirty linen to go on with still. And in Germany to-day it doesn't much signify who holds the hand so long as clubs are trumps and those trumps *last*.

The "Tirpitz."—

The *Tirpitz*—Germany's last modern battleship, 40,000 tons—lies at last beneath the waves. I don't know what her liquidation has cost us in human and material treasure. A very heavy price, set beside the cost to Japan of one of our own first-rate battleships. I fancy the price could be reckoned with absolute accuracy from our statistics at the Admiralty and Air Ministry, in human lives, submarines, torpedoes, aircraft, bombs of all calibres. Her career was inglorious. She spent her days largely in fjords and ports. Her complement was more often composed of ship-builders and repairers than of fighting sailors. She was a counter or a rook on the chessboard of naval power-balance, remaining in her place at her base. Now at last an elusive knight has jumped in and removed her from the board, and the state of the game in the Baltic is altogether altered. Indeed, her liquidation will be felt as far away as the China Seas. The German Navy is decimated.





HOW THE BOMBERS LEFT THE "TIRPITZ"—an interpretation of the photographs taken by the R.A.F. from the air. These were taken two and a half hours after the attack on November 12. Only a part of the bottom and starboard side of the ship can be seen. The control tower and other upper works appear to be embedded in the sea-bed in this comparatively shallow anchorage, which would explain why the ship did not completely turn turtle. The total length above water is approximately 720 ft. The centre and starboard propeller shafts can be seen, but the port shaft is under water. When examined through the stereoscope, the photographs reveal that there are two considerable breaks in the otherwise even surface of the ship's bottom, and this may indicate damage to that part of the ship which would normally be under water. Oil covers a large area of the sea round the *Tirpitz*. Only a few small vessels can be seen near her. Her position is the same as that which she occupied last month, south of Haakoy Island, and four miles west of Tromso

A Nightmare in Munich.

—Sometimes in the dark days of early winter during these war years I have groused at the difficulties which face a country dweller on his necessary journeys to London. He rises in the dark, sees to his car in the light of a waning moon, swallows a hasty breakfast, and is off to his distant station along slippery roads. He must park his car all day and hope to find it in the "yard" on his return still in working order. His journey up is not comfortable. He catches a train home about 5 p.m. If the night is clear, he may reach home by seven. But it all depends. If there be a November fog—there often is—his train will be late and his drive home by the light of a "tallow dip" will be a "nightmare." A nightmare is an elastic term. Listen to this one (from Munich): "A favourite trick of the foreign workers is to steal out at night and remove the palings round bomb craters, which are often 15 to 20 ft. deep, covering almost the entire width of the road, and full of water. An unsuspecting person who steps in is generally quickly drowned. Even swimmers who can keep themselves on the surface find it almost impossible to get sufficient purchase on the steep sides of the craters to climb out. Their cries for help are generally ignored, for conditions in Munich, as in most other German towns to-day, are hardly encouraging to a spirit of charity. The danger to life and limb from unfenced bomb craters is greater than might be imagined, owing to the frequent inability even of natives to be certain of their whereabouts. Severe bombing changes the whole aspect of cities. In particular, the difference in street levels, which becomes very conspicuous, leads to great confusion. It is obvious that as winter progresses, hardships increase and the difficulties of providing shelter and nourishment present problems which will at times be insoluble, there will be much more serious and widespread discontent. The German Press feels it cannot afford to ignore this feature of the war situation." This cutting from the *Daily Telegraph* compels me to admit that there are night-mares—and mares'-nests.

The Call to Jewry.—

It was impossible that the Premier, who spoke those stern words to Jewry and that we in Britain who heard them, could fail to be conscious of the embarrassment the occasion caused. If Hitler is capable of deriving any comfort from light refreshment, he surely got it then. Goebbels, at any rate, replenished his empty propaganda larder with rich meat. Here, he can and *will* say, is Churchill coming round to our view of Jewry; here is Churchill discovering at last a great truth which *we* have preached for years. The embarrassment caused to Mr. Churchill by the foul actions of the Thugs of Jewry is only equalled by that caused to the decent majority of Jews, a very great majority. But that majority to-day must do more than deplore. It must act. The crimes of its scum have brought all Jewry to the test, and that scum must be eliminated without mercy and without delay. Time and again, experience of life convinces us that there are no limits set to the vanity of the vain, the excesses of the aggressor, the blind recklessness of the fanatic, the villainy of the vile. I should have supposed that, after the last five years, the most reckless and myopic blackguard in Jewry would, *must*, see the necessity to "lie doggo" while the fate of his race was being decided and efforts were being strenuously made to prevent its extermination. It is almost unbelievable that, at such a crisis in its fate, the decent majority could have remained so long inactive while its scum backed up and helped to complete the work of its arch-enemy. The murder of Lord Moyne, by race and personal character a good friend and ally of Jewry, lies to-day at the door of every Jew.

Goodwill Towards Men.—

"The time draws near the birth of Christ." We are in November, and it seems certain (among uncertainties) that we are in for our sixth consecutive wartime Christmas. Despite the "eminent" men who on August 13 assured us the war would be all over—by August 31 (Sir G. Courthope, M.P.); by October 31 (Will Lawther); by November 30 (Lord Strabolgi); before winter (Sir H. Richmond); before December 31 (Lord Vansittart, Lord Winterton)—despite these eminent prophets, the war goes on, and Christmas 1944 may well be sweetened for us by new forms of enemy bombardment, and will certainly be sweetened for the enemy, if the war is still on, by the total destruction of more of their cities. These are manifestations of strategic hate, called forth in the "way of business." There are plenty of evidences of more private, personal hatred between man and man, class and class, brother and brother. Could we not relax a little in the wartime restriction on goodwill and hate a little less this Christmas among ourselves? Peace on earth is still a distant ideal. Goodwill among men has been a hypocrisy in peace and war all our days. We are sometimes patted on the back, or even scolded, for our national toleration. We are all too ready to "forgive and forget." The home-grown Gestapo lies in wait for any sentimentalist who whispers the word forgiveness in respect of our enemies. I will not poke my head to-day into *that* hornets' nest. But might we not all this Christmas relax our hatreds of each other, or at least of those whose views differ from our own? It seems sometimes that hate is our only weapon of argument left to us. Wit, reason, chaff, persuasion, all good and effective weapons, have rusted from disuse, and only hate remains, a blunted, chipped, heavy, clumsy instrument. Day after day, the weapon is used; and so needlessly. The war goes on and the officials see to it that we hate in plenty in the way of business. But at home, among ourselves, can't we this Christmas resolve to hate a little less, and try a little peaceful persuasion? I am convinced we need practice and preparation for the Great Peace. We shan't be able to switch on love and cut out hate on a word from the Premier or the Primate when the occasion seems ripe to them. Hate breeds hate, and is plaguy hard to kill.

THE OLD STAGER

THE TANKS PLOUGH THROUGH HEAVY MUD AS THE U.S. NINTH ARMY OPEN THEIR OFFENSIVE IN GERMANY : This picture was taken on the first day of the advance as the tanks opened the way for the infantry. By the end of the first day, several German towns had been captured and the Ninth Army was still advancing

INTO THE CENTRE OF METZ : Men of an American Infantry Division move through the streets of the great fortress town, which had been completely encircled by the beginning of this week

THE BRITISH TANKS WHICH PARTICIPATED IN THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE GERMAN POSITIONS ON THE ROAD BETWEEN GANGELT AND GEILENKIRCHEN (see also front page). The tanks fought without air support, in mist and rain and bitter cold : the Germans sent their own Panzers forward (including the new Tiger Royal tanks) in three desperate attacks ; but all were beaten off. Soon afterwards Geilenkirchen was entered and captured

The GREAT DRIVE into GERMANY

From Aachen Down to Metz

THE FIRST ARMY TAKE GRESSENICH. In the opening days of the great assault, General Hodges' First Army, in a drive north of Aix-la-Chapelle (Aachen), captured three small German towns : the first of these was Gressenich, which was found to have been completely wrecked by Allied air attacks. This picture was taken as the American infantry were forging through one of the wrecked streets of the little town, where nearly every building had suffered damage of some sort or the other

THE CAPTURE OF MOERDIJK BY THE POLES: In the distance can be seen one of the two great bridges spanning the Hollandschdiep (or Lower Rhine) which were destroyed by the Germans as they retreated towards North Holland. Several large spans have collapsed into the mile-wide river. Polish troops may be seen crouching on the banks in the foreground

AT MOERDIJK: Polish troops examine shells left by the Germans. Behind is a German "bunker," or strong-point, which is honeycombed with subterranean passages. It was held by "suicide" rearguards, who were mopped up by the attacking Polish infantry

MOERDIJK and WILLEMSTAD

Scenes after the Capture of those Important Places by the Poles and British

The important town of Moerdijk guards the approach to the two great bridges which span the Hollandschdiep (or Lower Rhine): one was for rail, and the other for motor, traffic. It was taken, after hard fighting, by a Polish Tank Division. Their vehicles rushed forward and took the town by storm, after smashing the concrete pill-boxes and walls which the enemy had erected some time ago for its defence.

After the block barring the road had been breached by tanks firing 17-pounder shells at a range of 20 yards, the Polish infantry went in and mopped up the "suicide" rearguards, who were in strongly-constructed "bunkers." During the night, most of the Germans had evacuated by boat and raft across the mile-wide stretch of the river towards the town of Dordrecht, on the road to Rotterdam.

The town of Moerdijk is now entirely destroyed, and the two great bridges, the pride of Holland, were breached by the retreating Germans, and several spans are now collapsed into the river waters

A POLISH TANK IN THE DEVASTATED TOWN. Note how its armour has been reinforced with spare steel tracks for additional protection. These fighting vehicles were handled by the Poles with great dash, according to reports from war correspondents

POLISH INFANTRY ENTERING THE TOWN OF MOERDIJK to hold it against a possible surprise attack by the Germans, who were still concealed around the town when this picture was taken. The town itself was very badly damaged by shell-fire

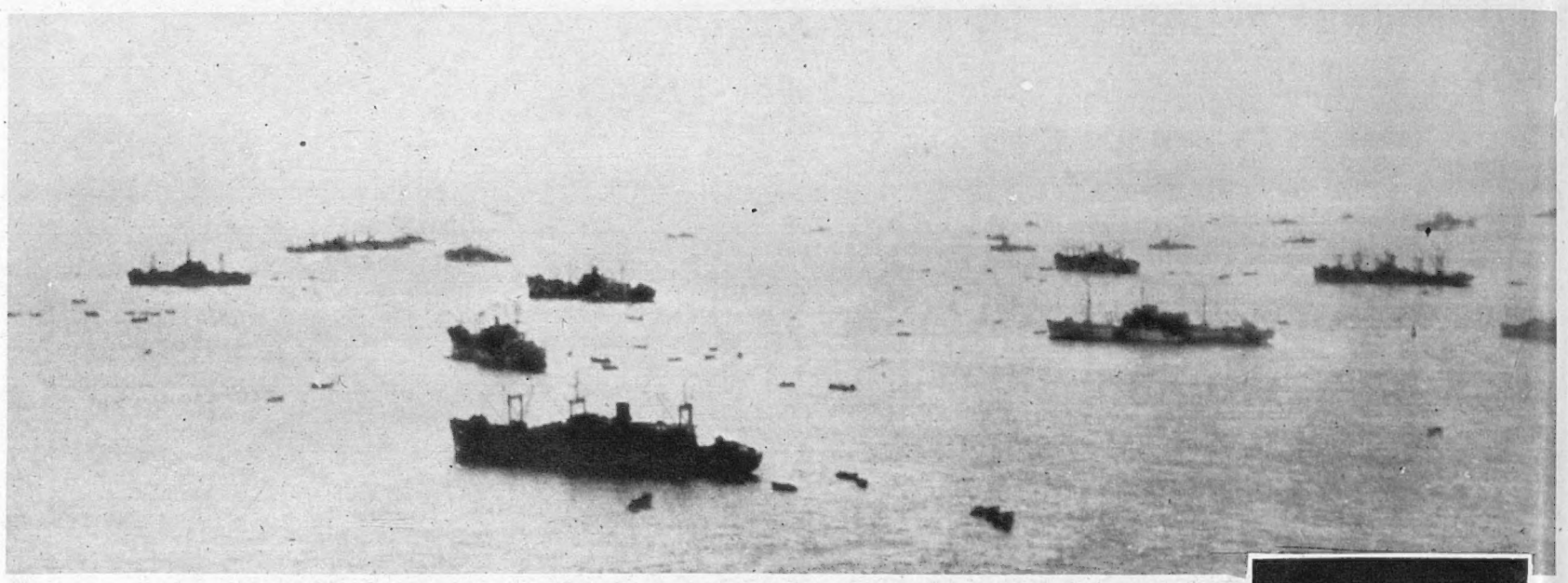
THE LIBERATION OF WILLEMSTAD BY THE BRITISH

THE FLOODS IN HOLLAND CAUSED BY THE GERMANS : Ditched British vehicles along a flooded road : In their retreat from South-West Holland, the Germans broke down the Dutch dams and dykes so that the water could flood vast stretches of the country, to impede the movement of our troops and vehicles. To make matters worse, a fierce gale blew up and continued for several days, driving the flood water to a great depth and making walking perilous and almost impossible. British vehicles were ditched in feet of water by running off the roads at places where they were hidden by the floods

A JEEP NEGOTIATES A FLOODED ROAD : The farmhouse on the left is under water. This picture was taken on the road to Willemstad, north of Mark, after its occupation by the British

A VIEW OF WILLEMSTAD HARBOUR, with abandoned German equipment. Beyond is the Hollandschdiep (the Lower Rhine), across which the Germans fled to North Holland. With the liberation of Willemstad, north of Mark, on November 7, and the wiping out of the German rearguards at Moerdijk two days later, British and Allied forces now hold the entire south shore of the Hollandschdiep and the Maas River. At first the enemy refused the British demand for surrender, but after a heavy artillery barrage infantry of the 49th Division launched an attack in driving rain and wind and occupied the town

A SCENE IN THE TOWN OF WILLEMSTAD : In the foreground is a German anti-aircraft gun which had been used by the enemy for anti-tank purposes. It was pointing up the main street in the direction from which the British infantry advanced, and it was abandoned when the Nazis gave up the defence of the town



THE PHILIPPINES INVASION FLEET UNLOADS AT LEYTE : Transports and warships of the great armada which brought the Liberation forces of General MacArthur to the Central Philippines ride at anchor off the island of Leyte, near Dulag. This picture, taken from a U.S. plane, shows landing craft still moving towards the beaches with troops and equipment to reinforce those already ashore. Only part of the armada—the largest ever used in the Pacific theatre of war—can be seen in this view

The PACIFIC WAR

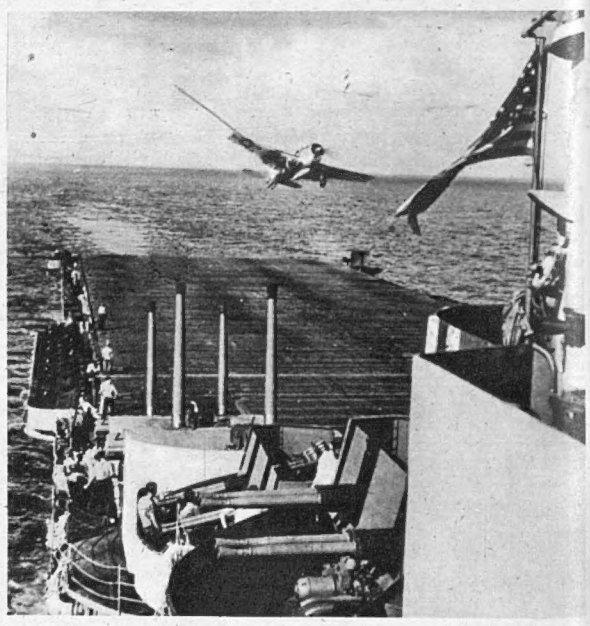
The American Landings in the Philippines: And New Pictures from Pelelieu, in the Palaus

Now that the Americans are speeding up their attacks on the Japs, operations are proceeding—and satisfactorily—at a number of points in the Pacific. Soon after the landing on Pelelieu, in the Palau group, came the invasion of the Central Philippines, where a vast armada of 600 ships put American troops ashore on the island of Leyte on October 20. In the earlier stages of this invasion, not a single ship was lost by the Americans. General MacArthur, defender of the Philippines in 1942, was amongst the first to wade ashore.

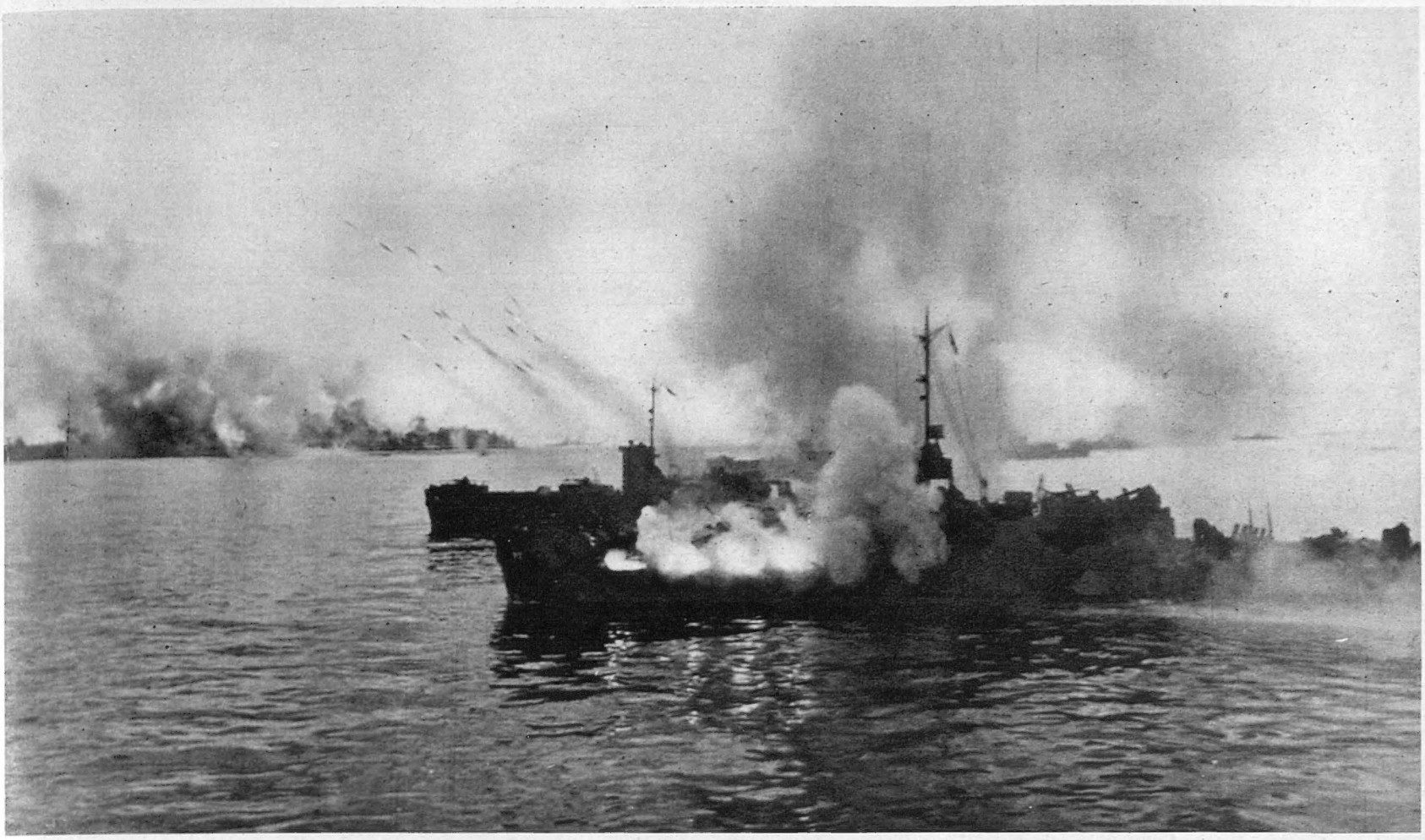
Previous to the Leyte landings, the famous "Task Force 58" had carried out an offensive in the Manila Bay area in September, during the course of which great damage was wrought by American aircraft over a wide area. Pictures of both these operations are given on this page, whilst new pictures of the Pelelieu landings are given on the facing page.

A NEW VIEW OF CORREGIDOR, THE ISLAND FORTRESS IN MANILA BAY, IN THE PHILIPPINES, towards which the American forces are ultimately aiming : After the Bataan Peninsula fell to the Japs at the start of the Japanese war in 1942, a handful of American and Filipino troops held out here for almost a month, upsetting the Jap timetable and gaining time for the U.S. forces to prepare defences elsewhere. This is one of the ultimate objectives towards which the American invasion forces are now pressing from Leyte. The rocky island fortress lies at the entrance to Manila Bay : it is six miles long and two miles wide. Previous to the war, Corregidor had been converted by the Americans into a miniature Gibraltar, with tunnels and underground ways cut out of the volcanic rock

ON THE WAY BACK TO BATAAN : An American destroyer approaches an Essex class aircraft-carrier (27,000 tons) during the Task Force attack against Manila Bay on September 21, when Vice-Admiral Marc Mitscher's famous "Task Force 58" struck with great strength at Manila Bay, the Cavite Naval Base and two enemy airfields near the Philippine capital nearly two-and-a-half years after the Corregidor surrender on May 5, 1942. This was the first direct assault on the Philippines by the Americans since the loss of the islands to the Japs



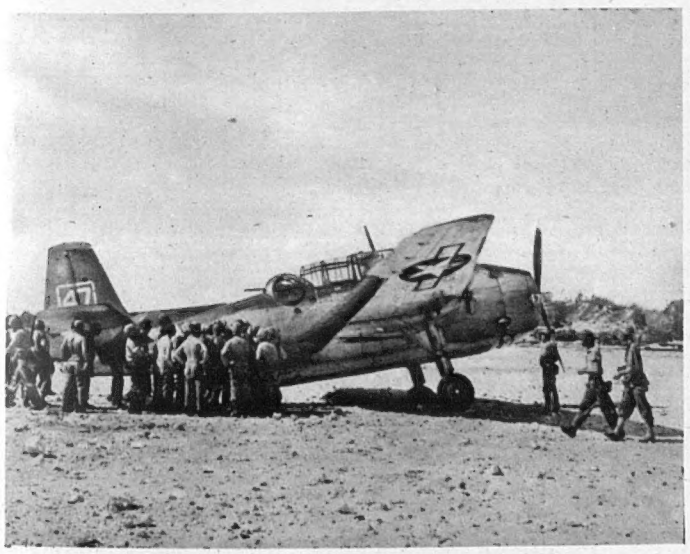
HOME FROM THE FIRST AMERICAN BLOW AT THE JAPS IN MANILA : With its spare petrol-tank still slung under the fuselage, an American plane returns to its carrier after participating in the first attack on the heart of the Jap-held Philippines since the fall of Corregidor more than two years earlier. The presence of the tank, which could have been dropped to increase the plane's speed, is evidence of the slight enemy opposition to the surprise assault. The blow was delivered in the Manila Bay area on September 20, and continued for more than thirty-six hours. At least 103 enemy ships and small craft and 405 enemy planes were destroyed or damaged, and nearby Clark and Nichols airfields were turned into junk heaps. The planes were from the U.S. Third Fleet, commanded by Admiral Halsey, which, less than a month later, was also pounding at Formosa and other islands in Japan's "front yard"



THE AMERICAN ATTACK ON THE PALAU ISLANDS : A landing craft launches rockets against the beach at Pelelieu on D-Day, September 14. The landings were effected under cover of a heavy bombardment by carrier aircraft and warships of Admiral Halsey's Third Fleet

The Palau Islands are of great strategical importance, as they command the sea and air routes from China and Japan to New Guinea and the Western Dutch East Indies. They were the last big Japanese stronghold in the Central Pacific. On September 15, Admiral Nimitz announced that American Marine and Army assault troops had landed on Pelelieu Island, in the Palaus, on the previous day. The Jap opposition was determined and bitter, and heavy fighting continued for many days on Pelelieu and also on neighbouring Anguar Island. The terrain on Pelelieu has been reported as the most difficult yet encountered in the Pacific, with the Japs hiding in fortified caves. Thousands of the enemy were killed—the number was given as over 10,000—before Pelelieu was finally secured

A JAP BLOCKHOUSE SERVES AS A FIRST-AID STATION. After its capture by the U.S. First Marine Division on Pelelieu, this partially-destroyed Jap blockhouse was fitted up as a hospital station. The tank in the foreground is a Sherman



THE FIRST LANDING ON PELELIEU—a mistake! When his torpedo-bomber ran out of petrol over the island, a naval pilot became the first American to land on the shell-pocked, Jap-built airfield in the Palaus. Marines on the island disregarded the fire of the nearby enemy to greet the new and unexpected arrival

A BULLDOZER TANK, WITH A CREW OF MARINES, FIRES INTO A CAVE ON A PELELIEU HILLSIDE in which Japanese soldiers had taken up their positions. Barely visible through the smoke is a disabled Japanese gun. The combined bulldozer and tank has proved of the greatest use in this type of jungle warfare, as on the battlefields of Europe

The HIMMLER DAM AGAINST POLITICAL WAR

Military Law and Summary Execution in Germany will be Employed to Suppress the Slightest Rising which Allied Propaganda Might Incite

By FERDINAND TUOHY

POLITICAL warfare must be as old as war itself. Coming down to our own times, it played a big part in Germany's giving in in 1918. Ludendorff was to admit how the rain of air-pamphlets telling of annihilating Allied superiority got his troops into a giving-in frame of mind, and how the "deceit" practised by President Wilson over the Fourteen Points finished matters.

And this tale of Germany having walked into a trap was a prime stimulus to Hitler when he set about weaving and waging his pre-war political war, the unheard of convolutions of which will still be fresh in most minds.

Yet, in spite of all that went before, it is fair to say that exponents of political warfare have been operating on a largely untilled field ever since 1939. For the first time, here was a widespread war fought not only between nations, but between social forces within those nations—someone has aptly called the conflicts "vertical" and "horizontal" wars. No such opportunity to play upon conflicting claims and cures, prejudices, hates and fears had ever presented itself before—nothing approaching it. Even the presiding instrument, broadcasting, was a newcomer!

Unconditional surrender appears as less rigid than it sounds when we observe how it may be gracefully skirted, and it has this virtue too: that it leaves future policies and frontiers to be charted by Allies-in-arms who might be drawn into argument were less elastic arrangements slipped in while the war was yet in progress.

In view of the way the field has been cleared, political warfare, in so far as it rests on the military arm, would seem to have only one major target left: sapping Germany's will to continue. But it is precisely here that we tread novel ground—with that word "Germany." [A new and final chapter is now being written and political warfare experts themselves can at this stage only guess at what it will yield. It represents the last corner of the field they set out to till more than five years ago, and the word that covers it is "Himmler."

Himmler believes he has erected an effective dam which will prevent the Allies attaining Germany through what is left of its mind. We can dangle what we like before the German people. They will not be in a position to do anything about it, even if they had it in them to revolt—and their potential leaders, big and little, have been removed since July. In Himmler's estimate, only the Party, the Wehrmacht and the Volkssturm count, from now on. Between them they will suppress the slightest rising, even restlessness. "Not only restless elements," we read, "but the whole German people are to-day under the most severe military discipline. All the workers are in the Volkssturm and subject to military law and summary execution even for being away from their post."

The Allies may go on until they are blue in the face, putting over the stuff that succeeded elsewhere, or even trying a new line. It will all be to no purpose. So reckons—or, rather, hopes—Himmler, and one has to admit that at present his dam appears to be doing its job pretty well.

On the one side are the Allies pumping endless propaganda, or whatever you care to call it, at the Germans. On the other side are the German armed forces, evidently most impervious themselves, standing ready to bash the lives out of all inside the German Fortress who might be tempted to respond. Such is the novel situation at the onset of winter, as viewed from the angle of political warfare.

So far, pressure on the dam has not been great. In fact, the position inside Germany actually gives Goebbels less to worry over than it did last November. This may sound strange, but think back to the all-out effort he was obliged to make in order to tide over the twenty-fifth anniversary of the 1918 surrender. Thereabouts, for the first time, the Germans as a whole had realised that the war was lost; a winter's trouncing from the skies was imminent; and no Himmler dam existed.

To-day and by contrast, Goebbels can rely on a number of new-found assets. The war is certainly much more lost than a year ago, and the imminent trouncing from the skies will be greater. Yet the Germans are by this time numbed in both cases. But they are not numb to the appeal that has been made to the first law in nature, self-preservation in one's native land, and they were quick to appreciate the opening defensive victories of Arnhem and East Prussia.

Again, there is the promise of many swallows in wake of those now riding the skies, while the V-weapons have demonstrated that German invention, far from lagging, is capable of outdistancing the Allies still more. (Odd, the part the letter "V" is playing in this war. We got our first kick from V for Victory, and the Germans are getting their last from V for *Vergeltung*.) There is also the misplaced hope—but the Germans stick to it—that the Allies will fall out; as there is the belief that by resisting some form of peace may yet be negotiated. There 's that anything 's - worth - trying sentiment abroad in the Reich, and it sustains.

Such German civilians as have been spoken with (there is no reason why Aacheners should be different from the rest) give one the impression of being cannily calculating. At times they are even impudent with their questioning. Many may be just numbed or bovine, but such as talk appear to be in a non-receptive state. One cannot by any stretch imagine such people going a foot out of their way to connect with Allied thought or intention. Those who still think that a useful purpose would be served by relieving the Germans of "unconditional surrender" and by informing them how it is proposed to fit them into European society, will find scant comfort in the opening gambit of Aachen. All that seems feasible at present is to keep under one's thumb the full plan of German self-redemption, with aid from her former enemies, variable aid according to how the Germans behave, for immediate use when Himmler's dam is broken one day, like Moehne. For there *is* the chance that, having been pent up for so long, the Germans may then overflow with willingness to pay attention.

Pending that denouement, political warfare will take many a curious twist, though none more rash, one hopes, than the song and dance about Hitler's dematerialisation. Plugging "Where is Hitler?" may have the boomerang effect of spreading his myth more deeply, which is what the Nazis most desire if he really has passed out. A more profitable line might be to aim at the German armed forces who seem to think that it is all set: this war is going to be telescoped into a second, and they have only to wait. It doesn't even matter if they are taken prisoner. They trot joyfully into captivity. They know they'll be let out fit and kicking and 100 per cent. Nazi. Hitler holds so many Allied prisoners....

I would lay down a political-warfare barrage on all Germans in and out of uniform, acquainting them with the dampening fact that there isn't going to be another war for Germans—not in their lifetimes, anyway. Nicely served up and oft repeated, it should eventually cause even a Hitler Maiden to halt momentarily in her tracks.

GERMANY'S NEW FÜHRER: The latest picture of Heinrich Himmler, taken while reading Hitler's proclamation in Munich on November 12 at the postponed observance of the Beer Hall Putsch. Himmler, Gestapo Chief and C.-in-C. of the Home Army, has just been given complete authority over the whole German Army by a decree restoring Party powers to officers and men, thus giving him control over those fighting beyond the frontiers of Germany. Proof of the power he now wields is evidenced by the personalities assembled on the platform behind him. These include (from the left) Field-Marshal Keitel; Schwarz, head of the German A.R.P. organisation; and Dr. Frick, Protector of Bohemia and Moravia

A NEW IDEA IN GERMAN PROPAGANDA directed against the Americans. Just before the American election, shells were being fired into the American lines along the Siegfried front containing some very prime anti-Roosevelt propaganda. Here is a sample:
"Jews govern—suckers fight."
"Vote for Roosevelt—Hebrew might."
"The American Gentile is apparently too stupid to govern himself."
Needless to say, these crude efforts provided the American soldiers at whom the propaganda was launched with some first-class fun

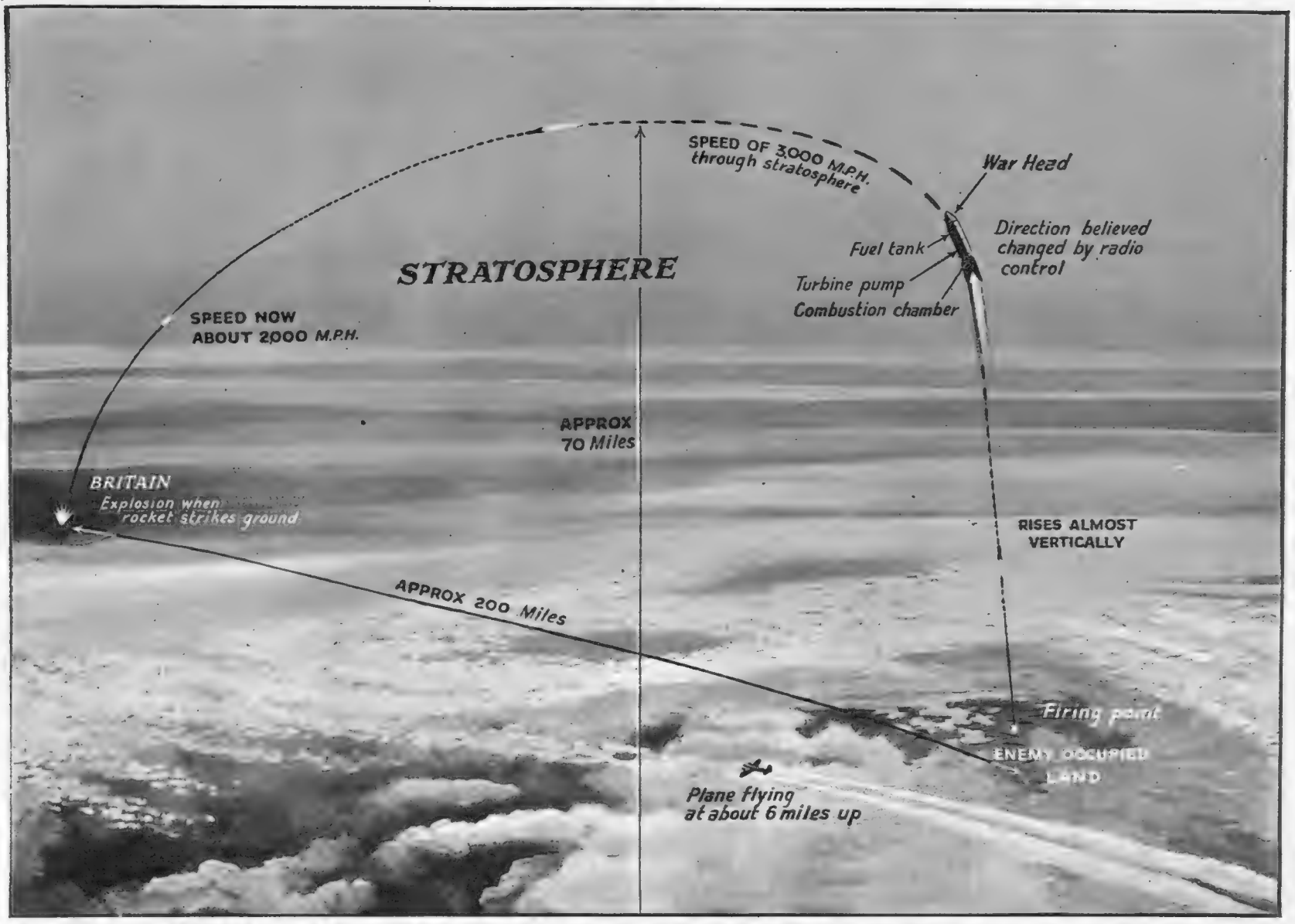
From season to season political warfare gathered momentum and found fresh ways, until it attained its present dimensions earlier this year. Probably I am unmindful of more than one twist or facet, but here is sufficient recognition of the mixture as we currently witness it:

Justifying one's cause and actions; pillorying those of the enemy; sapping enemy will to continue; convincing others of one's superiority; nailing enemy lies; countering his manœuvres; seizing upon political openings presented by the military arm; camouflaging war plans and sowing "blinds"; putting new heart into resisting friends; neutralising enemy propaganda aimed at neutrals, non-belligerents and even Allies.

Maybe I should have written "the mixture as we have seen it," because the course the European war has lately taken obviously lessens the importance of one or two of the foregoing. The experts can afford to relax over justifying the anti-Hitler cause, or when it comes to impressing neutrals. Happily, the need to keep resisters in heart is no longer so far-flung. Nor is it necessary any longer to pour the same quantity of propaganda into lands which formerly were vassals of the Nazis.

The Russians have been preponderantly responsible for the last dispensation. Their way with Finland, Rumania and Bulgaria was very interesting, and it looks as if they are following the same tactics in respect of Hungary. In no case was "unconditional surrender" departed from, as the governing factor. But the Soviet build-up and softening (just as in the military sphere) evidently gave each of the warring vassals ground for hope, and that they were not mistaken was later proved by the unvengeful nature of the armistice conditions and subsequent directions.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



HOW THE NEWEST V BOMB IS LAUNCHED, AND HOW IT TRAVELS TOWARDS THE STRATOSPHERE TO ITS OBJECTIVE. The bomb is launched straight upwards for a considerable distance: it then speeds through the rarefied atmosphere at a colossal speed (estimated to be 3,000 m.p.h.) until near its objective in Britain, when the speed drops to an estimated 2,000 m.p.h., when it then begins to descend. At the highest point of its trajectory it probably reaches a height of some 70 miles. It is thought that during a portion of its flight the rocket is controlled by radio—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The COMING of the V BOMB

The New Weapon which the Germans are Now Employing Against Southern England

AFTER A V BOMB HAS FALLEN: A view of the havoc created. Some buildings have been completely demolished, but others still stand. It has been reported that (as during the "blitz") the surface shelter stands up remarkably well to the blast-effect from V bombs

After the V 1—the V 2, or "rocket bomb." On November 8 Germany put out long descriptions of their new "long-range weapon," and made fantastic claims of the damage wrought in London—as, on a previous occasion, they had claimed for the flying bomb. Mr. Churchill put the whole matter in its proper perspective in his considered statement on November 10.

Quite a lot is known in this country about Germany's latest terror weapon, and this is summed up in the drawing by Mr. Roland Davies reproduced at the top of this page. Development work on the rocket was begun in the autumn of 1942, and mass production was probably ordered midway through 1943. It is thought that each missile weighs about 15 tons, of which 14 are fuel, leaving one ton of explosives in the war-head. On discharge, from a concrete platform, the bomb ascends almost vertically into the air, its direction being probably controlled by radio for a short space of time Reaching the stratosphere at a great altitude, the V 2 travels forward at the colossal speed of 2,000-3,000 m.p.h. before dropping to earth some 200 or 300 miles away from its launching-base.

The rocket bomb is thought to be propelled by a special fuel, the main component of which is liquid oxygen. The descent of the rocket is almost as vertical as its ascent, and as its speed is greater than that of sound, no warning of its approach is possible. The Prime Minister has stated that some sites were located on Walcheren Island: others are thought to be near The Hague, in Holland.

A BROKEN SECTION OF WALL AND A HEAP OF RUBBLE are all that remain of a Baptist Church in Southern England after a V bomb fell. Wrecked houses can be seen in the background

DEVELOPMENTS in AERIAL WARFARE

Three Special Sphere Drawings, and Two New Pictures from America

BACK TO "FIGHTER COMMAND" (instead of A.D.G.B.)—AN HISTORIC TITLE COMES BACK INTO CURRENT USE. Mosquitoes of the Command shooting-up German Ju.88 night-fighters whilst escorting the big bombers on a night raid over German territory

—Drawing by Roland Davies

Some time ago the term "Fighter Command" was abolished, to give place to the "Air Defence of Great Britain." The latter was never a popular title and, in the course of time, it was proved to be false—because the pilots of A.D.G.B. were rarely on the defence, but frequently on the offence as in the Battle of Britain days. Now A.D.G.B. has vanished and "Fighter Command" has come back. The fighter-pilots, needless to say, have welcomed the change! One of the activities developed during recent months by Fighter Command is now revealed in the above drawing. The "Bomber Support Squadrons" are equipped with the latest type Mosquitoes, armed with four cannon-guns and many secret appliances, and possessed of a super turn of speed. Their job, made known for the first time early this month, is to shepherd the night-bombers. This is the reason for the fall in our bomber losses over Germany during recent big raids. The German night-fighters which had been scoring successes against our slower bombers suddenly found that the new Mosquito escorts were among the fastest and most manœuvrable aircraft in the world: in their attacks under the cover of darkness the enemy found themselves up against pilots and navigators possessed of "electric eyes." Up went the casualties amongst the enemy's night-fighters and down went our own amongst the bombers!

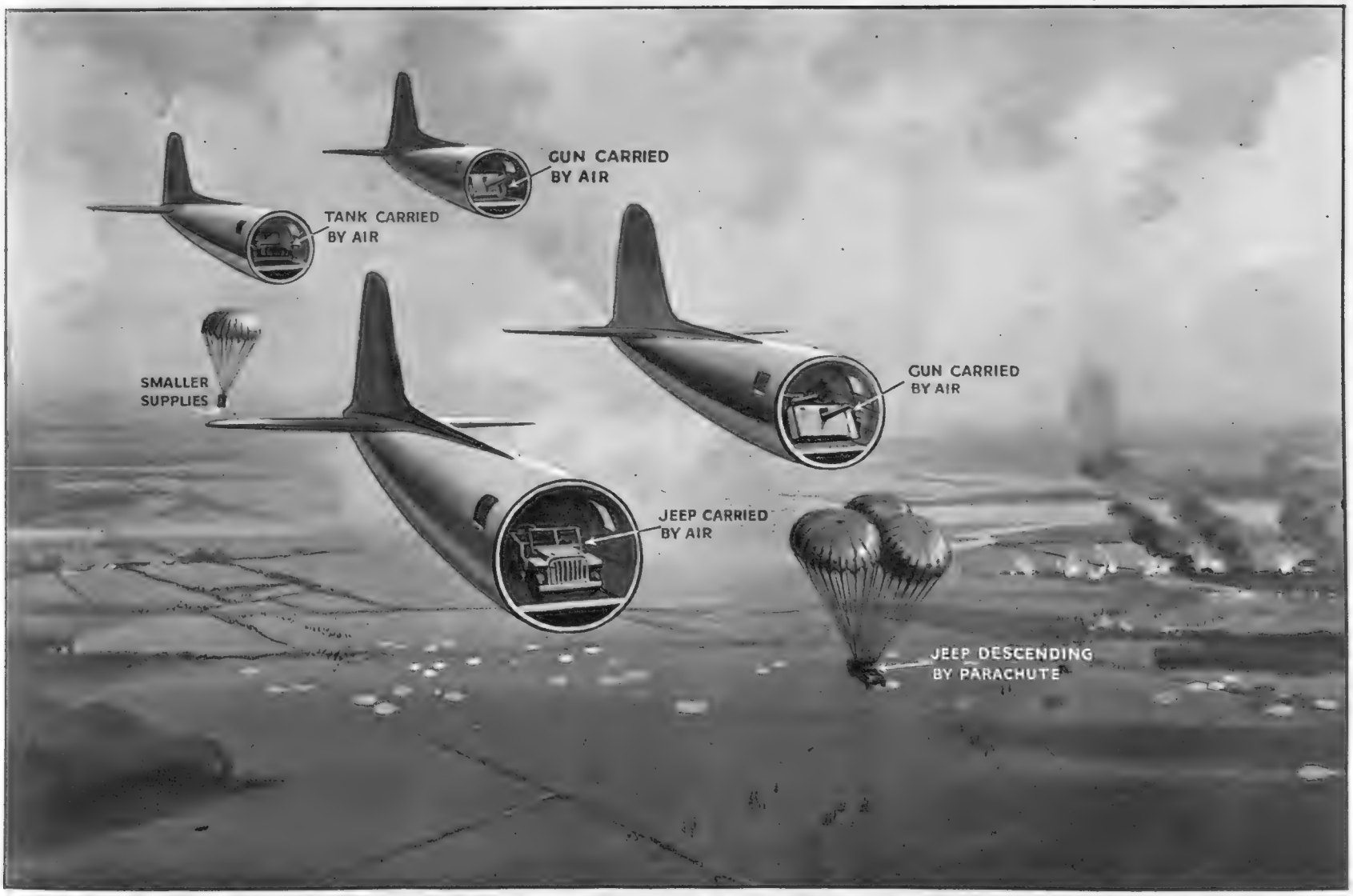
For long the Americans have been experimenting with helicopters and autogyros: these strange aircraft are now in use in some of the battle areas of the world—notably in Burma, where the jungle masses render a straight "up and down" aircraft a desirable adjunct to the land forces. The two pictures reproduced on the right demonstrate how the U.S. Coast Guard make use of these strange inventions.

Shipwrecked survivors, or airmen forced down into the sea, it has been shown, can be quickly sighted; by means of a weird, but effective, new appliance they can be lifted aloft, even from the roughest seas. In the left-hand picture, the helicopter is seen hovering over the spot where a man is struggling in the water: a special U-type harness is being lowered to the victim from a crane built into the helicopter's framework. While the whirling blades hold the helicopter stationary, the man in the water grasps the harness and climbs into its "saddle." In the picture on the right, he is being hauled up, to grasp the tail wheel of the machine and to take his place inside the cabin alongside the pilot. The harness cable is attached to a revolving drum.

THE LIFE-SAVING HELICOPTER NOW IN USE AROUND THE COASTS OF THE UNITED STATES: Two pictures taken during a recent demonstration, showing how airmen forced down at sea or shipwrecked mariners are plucked from the ocean and taken up into the cabin of the rescuing aircraft by crane *(See note at left)*

FLYING OPERATIONS BY THE FLEET AIR ARM IN NORWEGIAN WATERS: The new Fairey Firefly takes off from the deck of a British aircraft-carrier for an attack on German shipping and for reconnaissance—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

During recent weeks our surveillance over the northern fiords and harbours has increased: "strikes" against German shipping off Norway have been intensified, and reconnaissance generally has been on an extended scale. It is safe to say that very little now escapes the eyes of the Navy in this respect, as is demonstrated by the wiping out of a whole enemy convoy a few days ago. The Fleet Air Arm have been assisted by their newest aircraft type—the Firefly (which only came off the "secret list" at the beginning of the present month). This is one of the most heavily-armed fighters in the world, carrying four 20-mm. cannon. A special feature of the plane is its flaps, which not only improve take-off and landing, but also increase its manœuvrability and reduce its radius of turn. The Firefly carries a crew of two—pilot and observer. In the drawing above, it will be observed that the aircraft's undercarriage is just being retracted as the Firefly begins to climb to its operational height



HOW AIRBORNE EQUIPMENT IS CARRIED IN BRITISH GLIDERS—an artist's impression of how guns, tanks, jeeps and other supplies are borne in Hamilcar and Horsa gliders and dropped to the ground by parachute—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

After the Arnhem operations certain details were released for publication about the equipment carried by the British Airborne Forces. One of the enemy's greatest surprises was when his Panzers ran into a screen of anti-tank guns manned by airborne troops and were severely mauled. These anti-tank guns were the British 17-pounder and the 6-pounder, the latter of which has been slightly modified for transport by glider. In June 1940 the need was foreseen for a tank which could be carried in a glider. The Tetrarch was, therefore, produced. It weighs less than 10 tons, it can travel at 25 m.p.h. across country, and can climb a slope of 35 deg. It is armed with a special gun. The Tetrarch's American counterpart is the Locust. Gliders capable of carrying such heavy loads were designed, and the Hamilcar was "tailored" from the beginning to fit round the Tetrarch. The Hamilcar and Horsa gliders carry vehicles of all kinds, 75-mm. howitzers, 3-in. mortars, and assault boats and bridging material.

ON THE ITALIAN FRONT

The New German Mine on the Forli Front

—And the Mud-covered Terrain in the Apennine Sectors

THE NEW TYPE OF GERMAN MINE DISCOVERED NEAR FORLI, IN ITALY: A specimen dismantled and laid out for inspection—from left to right, the following components are seen: the detonator-holder; detonator; and mercury-igniter inside a glass holder which breaks when pressure is applied; wooden primer-holder, which screws into a glass cap and holds the primer; primer; glass screw-cap

During the British advance along Route Nine in the direction of Forli (near the birthplace of Mussolini), sappers of the Eighth Army have come across a new type of German mine. This contains the barest minimum of metal, with the actual casing itself made out of a fibre, or plastic, substance; the only metal part is the detonator, which is approximately the size of a 2-in. nail. Many of the other components are made of glass. By this means the enemy is hoping to defeat the electrode mine-detector, which has done such sterling work during the advance up the length of Italy.

The new type of mine was first discovered a few miles north of Cesena during the operations leading up to the crossing of the Savio River, where a whole area was

(Continued below on left)

THE NEW COMMANDER OF THE EIGHTH ARMY: A new study, taken in Italy since his promotion, of Lieut.-General Sir Richard McCreery, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.B.E., M.C. He came from the command of the 10th Corps of the Fifth Army on the appointment of General Sir Oliver Leese to the command of the Eleventh Army Group in Burma

ONE OF THE NEW MINES IS PICKED UP by a corporal and sapper of the Royal Engineers. It was found in position beneath a hedge

discovered to have been carefully mined. When pressure is exerted on top of the mine, a chemical is released which explodes the charge. In many cases, it is impossible to remove the mine from the ground because any attempt to lift it sets off a booby-trap underneath: therefore, the best way to overcome the difficulty is to explode the mine on the spot.

Following on the great success of the "Teller" and other types in Libya, the Germans took up the mine-field idea with great enthusiasm during their successive retreats up the Italian mainland. As one type was overcome by our sappers, so new ones were put into production. This has proved a very effective device for slowing up the pursuit and for giving the Germans time to prepare their next defensive line. The use of the mine on such a large scale has, however, led to the introduction of many Allied counter-measures; amongst these is the "Flail Tank." Over such difficult terrain as that frequently encountered in Italy, however, it may not always prove practicable to employ the "flail" for the exploding of a mine-field

AN R.E. CORPORAL INDICATES TO OTHER SAPPERS THE VARIOUS POINTS to look for when they encounter mines of this type in future operations

THE DETONATOR AND THE GLASS CAP CONTAINING THE PRIMER: The casing of this new type of mine is made of a fibre or plastic substance

BAD ROADS HOLD UP THE EIGHTH ARMY SUPPLIES: A British gun-tractor, which has become bogged in the mud, defies the combined efforts of crew and driver to move it

Below—The torrential rains which have fallen recently in the River Santerno Valley have rendered the ground impassable to transport from our forward positions to a point about two miles behind the line. Casualties have to be carried over this stretch of country to the Regimental Aid Post at Casa Codenzo. The going is so rough that twelve men are needed to each stretcher, and even then the journey takes several hours. Recently, a sledge was roughly constructed to pass the casualty over the soft mud, and proved very successful. Six men could handle the stretcher and could pause for a rest without inconveniencing the casualty. This picture shows a rifleman with a face injury being taken on the arduous journey from the front line to the R.A.P. The greater part of the journey is carried out under enemy observation, and under the protection of the Red Cross flag

WITH THE BRAZILIAN FORCES IN ITALY. For some time now, Brazilian soldiers have been fighting alongside the rest of the Allies in the Apennines. This picture was taken as one of their anti-tank guns was being hauled across a bridge over the River Gerchio—the only one left by the Germans in the region. The "Devil's Bridge" is very steep and angled: it is only 5 ft. 6 in. wide. An Italian mule team—of which there are many now working with the Fifth and Eighth Armies—is helping to haul the gun over

MUD SLEIGHS TAKE THE FIFTH ARMY WOUNDED TO SAFETY. The stretcher bearing the casualty is placed on a makeshift sledge and dragged up steep slopes and through thick mud by the stretcher-bearers. The Red Cross flag of mercy is prominently displayed, as the party are under enemy observation (See *note above*)

NATIVES FROM BECHUANA HELP TO KEEP THE SUPPLY ROUTES OPEN. This company of the Auxiliary Pioneer Corps are doing a good job of work on road repair and maintenance. Although they come from the hottest parts of Africa, the men seem quite happy, in spite of the damp chills of autumn in the mountains south of Castel del Rio. Many of them already hold the Africa Star. Here they are seen helping in the construction of "cribbing"—criss-crossed logs filled with rubble to support the side of a road

TRANSPORTATION THROUGH THE MUD OF ITALY: *On left*—Transports laden with supplies move slowly up to the front: *On right*—One of the signs erected along the road in an endeavour to prevent drivers from bogging their lorries. In the Fifth Army area, the recent torrential rains have reduced one of the main highways, known as Route 6531, into a sea of mud. The road-banks have fallen, blocking drains and ditches which had been dug alongside the road. Transport has been reduced to one-way, and the supply and ammunition trucks are only able to proceed with great difficulty

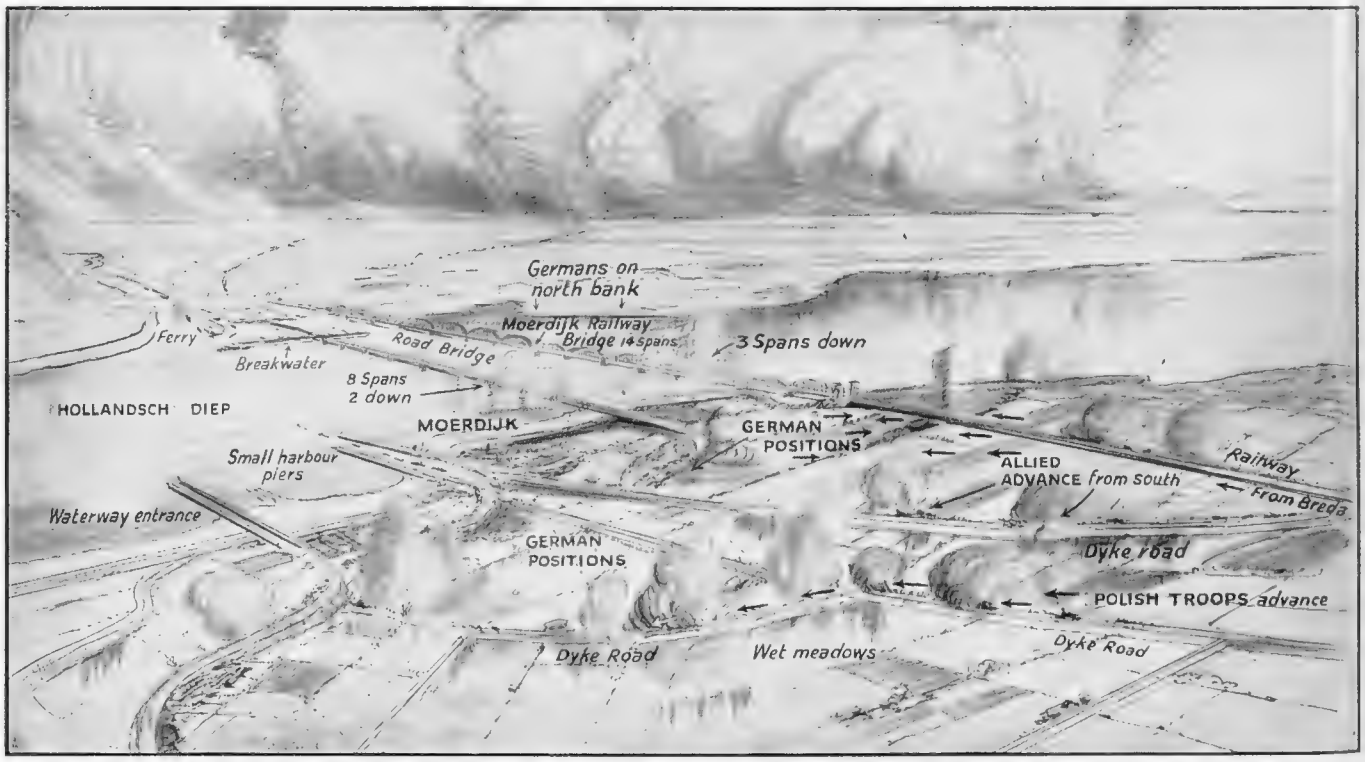
THE CLEARING OF SOUTH HOLLAND AND THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE NAZIS' TWIN-RIVER DEFENCE ALONG THE MAAS AND THE WAAL: The front from Nijmegen to Moerdijk, showing the crossing of the Aftwaterings Canal and the capture of the bridges at Moerdijk
—Drawing by E. G. Lambert

AT THE WESTERN END OF THE LINE

The Fighting Amongst the Dutch Waterways

—Special Sphere Diagram-Drawings

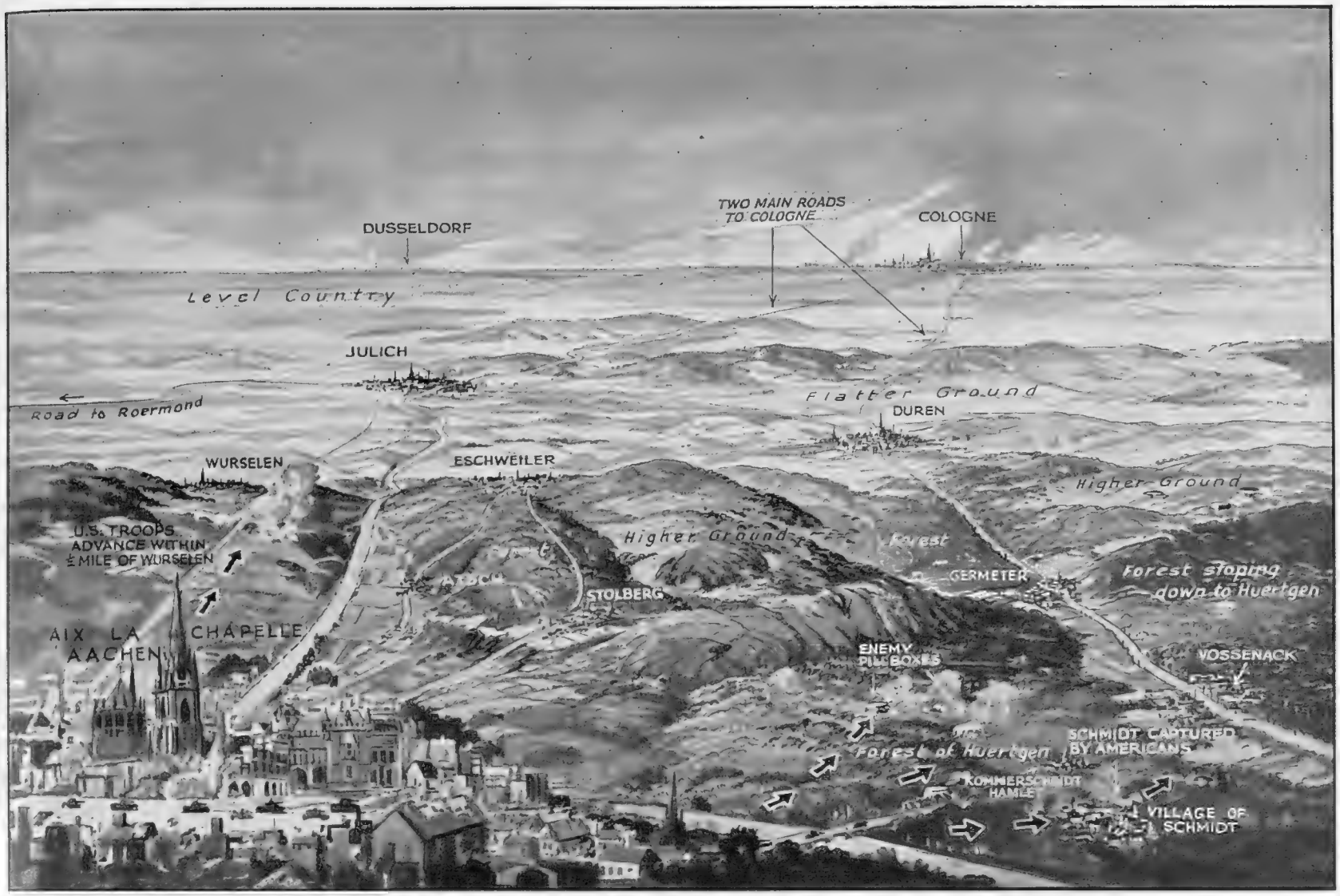
The German generals in Holland have been making the most of the natural defences of this water-impregnated land. From east to west stretch two wide rivers, the Maas and the Waal, which proved very attractive to the Nazi High Command as they studied the maps of this area. The difficulty was that, with amphibiously-minded enemy armies confronting them, the enemy did not know where the next massed assault was to take place. At the outset, the Germans were already drawn up on the southern bank of the Maas, and all their bridgeheads had gone. Attacks had been made by the British towards the north-west from their newly-won Hertogenbosch base. "The scythe-like sweep" of the Second Army's armoured columns then cut the road to Tilburg. That famous strong-point soon fell, the Germans retreating in a hurry as our tanks and infantry pushed their way into the streets. explosions were soon telling of the blowing up of the Heusden bridge. The German screen of 88-mm. guns melted away; British, Canadian, American and Polish troops pressed northwards towards the "Maas Moat." Loon op Zand, Oosterhout, Geertruidenberg—all were cleared of the enemy in this concerted forward sweep under grey autumn skies. A great number of villages and inhabited places amid the shining flood-waters welcomed the Allies. The next problem was where, and how, the broad Maas could be crossed



HOW THE GERMANS WERE DRIVEN BACK ACROSS THE MOERDIJK BRIDGES spanning the Hollandschdiep (or Lower Rhine) by the Poles, during the operations which led to the clearance of the south bank of the River Maas. At this spot the river is about a mile wide. The two bridges were destroyed by the Germans in their retreat and several spans were collapsed into the water (See notes at left)*—Drawing by Percy Home*

On right—

One of the most vital of operations undertaken during the general concerted clearing of the Germans from South Holland took place in the spectacular area around Moerdijk at the eastern end of the Hollandschdiep (the wide waterway which is really an arm of the North Sea, piercing the mainland of Europe). Before the war it was possible to cross this shining channel by ferry, and there are still river-boats running from the little harbour at Moerdijk. Some time ago, however, there came the great rail and road bridges of Moerdijk to link the north and south portions of Holland at this point. The rail-bridge had fourteen big steel spans, the road bridge eight. Looking from above Gemeente and Lochtemburg, they dominate the scene towards the north-east. In pre-war Holland, great pride was taken by the Dutch in these two big and modern structures over the wide, shimmering estuary. Below, one might see a network of dyke roads and a few lesser waterways running through the typically flat countryside of Western Holland. On the right is the straight line of the railway from Moerdijk to Breda, through Zwaluwe. At first the Germans contented themselves with blowing up spans at the southern end of the bridges; but later they also blew up the northern ends, sending some of the spans crashing into the water beneath, to make sure of the job of destruction.



AFTER THE FALL OF AACHEN: THE AMERICAN FIRST ARMY TURN SOUTH AND ATTACK THROUGH THE FOREST OF HUERTGEN, instead of pursuing the main roads towards Cologne. This attack opened on November 2 and has since been developed across a difficult terrain—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

At the AMERICAN END of the LINE

The Huertgen Forest lies to the south-east of Aachen; it is no mere wooded area, but a dense pine-forest situated on high ground, broken by deep gullies, having precipitous slopes. There are scarcely any roads, only forest tracks, along which are concealed pill-boxes and trenches.

General Hodges began an attack through the forest on November 2, sending the men of the First Army into action for the first time since the taking of Aachen. Fighting amid the gloom of the forest was no easy work, but if the way was cleared it meant an advance towards the plain of Cologne, avoiding the main, strongly-defended high road. A heavy fog hung over the forest when the attack started at 9 a.m., but the small towns of Vossenack and Germeter were soon captured. The Americans were then on the edge of the forest, looking out over the open country beyond. Other forces had come up to Huertgen, just north of Vossenack, where one road from Cologne cuts through the forest, but they were unable to take it. The second day of fighting brought one column to the small town of Schmidt, at the south-eastern corner of the forest, but the capture of this place was the furthest limit of the advance. The Germans then brought up artillery, massing it against the Americans, who were driven out of Vossenack on November 6, but regained it shortly afterwards, though they failed to retake Schmidt.

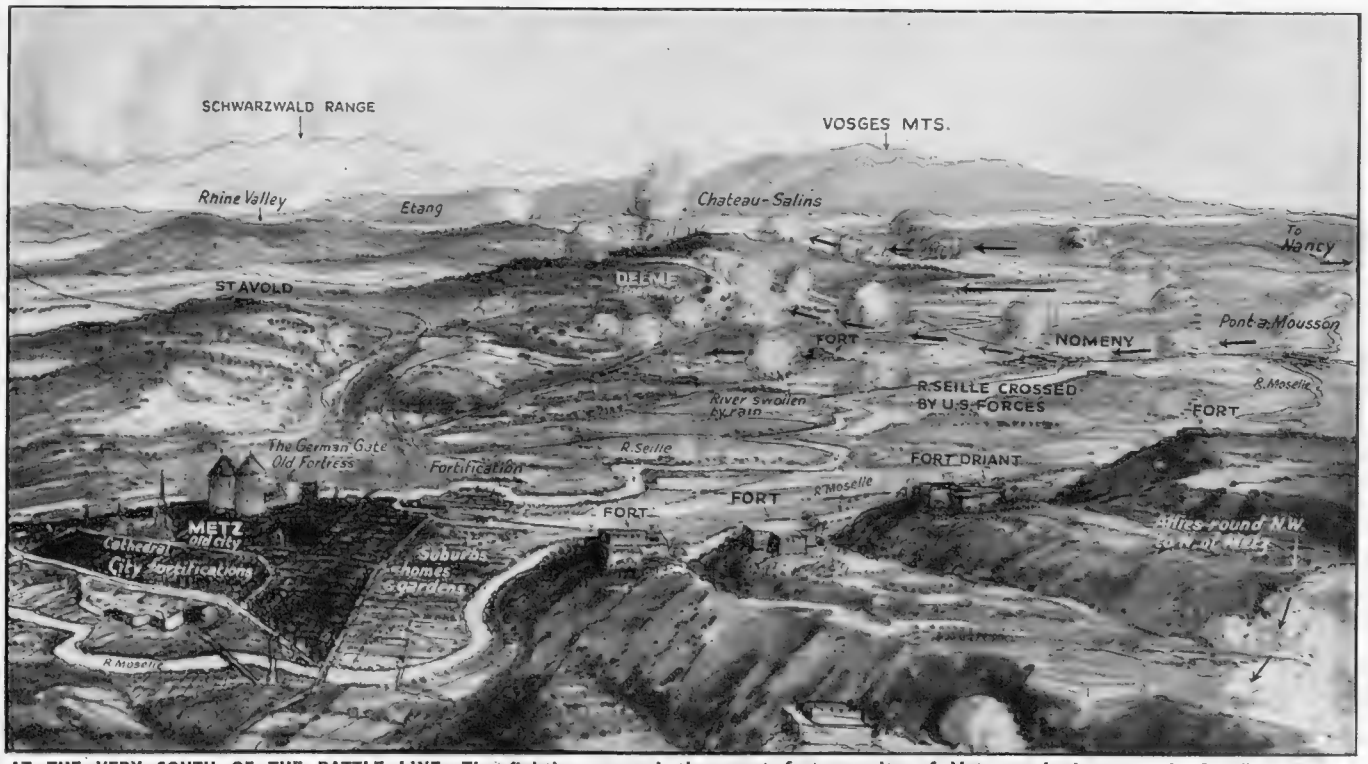
During the next two days the struggle continued. The little hamlet of Kommerscheidt, just north of Schmidt, which had been held for a few days, was lost; but most of Vossenack was retained.

***On right*—Hammering at Metz**

Metz, on the Moselle, has always been a fortress guarding the frontier. It was not taken during the last war, and is now forming one of the great bastions on Germany's western defensive line. The city's strong defences have made it into a moated fortress of formidable strength. Protected by a double row of forts well linked together by tunnels, constructed of steel and concrete, and armed with heavy guns, Metz was found by General Patton to be almost invincible to bombing and shelling. The Moselle had been crossed south of Metz in the middle of September, and a firm line was held six miles from the city, which at that time was thought likely to fall within a few days. But the Germans have clung on with great tenacity, holding both sides of the river, and relying upon the strength of their forts.

General Patton's Third Army began an assault upon Fort Driant, a key bastion, on the west of the city, on October 3. After twelve hours of heavy barrage from the great guns, the infantry made a dash from the woods, every man knowing exactly what he had to do, so detailed had been the preparation. Tanks fired point-blank at the pill-boxes and bulldozers smothered some with earth, while the troops got through the barbed wire and tank trenches over the moat and up on to the actual summit of the fort. Their one great object was to get inside the fort, as the defenders could not be hit from the outside. Even the great shells from heavy guns only chipped the stone walls, sometimes merely bouncing off, while the steel turrets resisted direct hits, for even if buckled the men continued to fire.

Day after day the Americans continued their desperate attack, capturing some pill-boxes by tossing in grenades, and at last made an entrance into the underground at one place; then the fierce struggle was fought in dark tunnels, where the bullets would ricochet from the walls. At last, on October 16, the order came to withdraw; the troops retired at night, after leaving mines, booby-traps and delayed time-fuses to prevent the enemy from following them. The effort to capture Fort Driant had failed, much to the bitter disappointment of the men.



AT THE VERY SOUTH OF THE BATTLE LINE—The fighting around the great fortress city of Metz, and the struggle for Fort Driant. These operations have been carried out by General Patton's Third Army (*See notes at left*)—*Drawing by Percy Horne*

FIGHTING AMONGST THE POLDERS OF WESTERN HOLLAND : A TWILIGHT SCENE IN THE "MAASLAND," as British infantry hold a river line in expectation of a German counter-attack. In this strange region, the great flat stretches induce curious emotions in the winter half-light—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

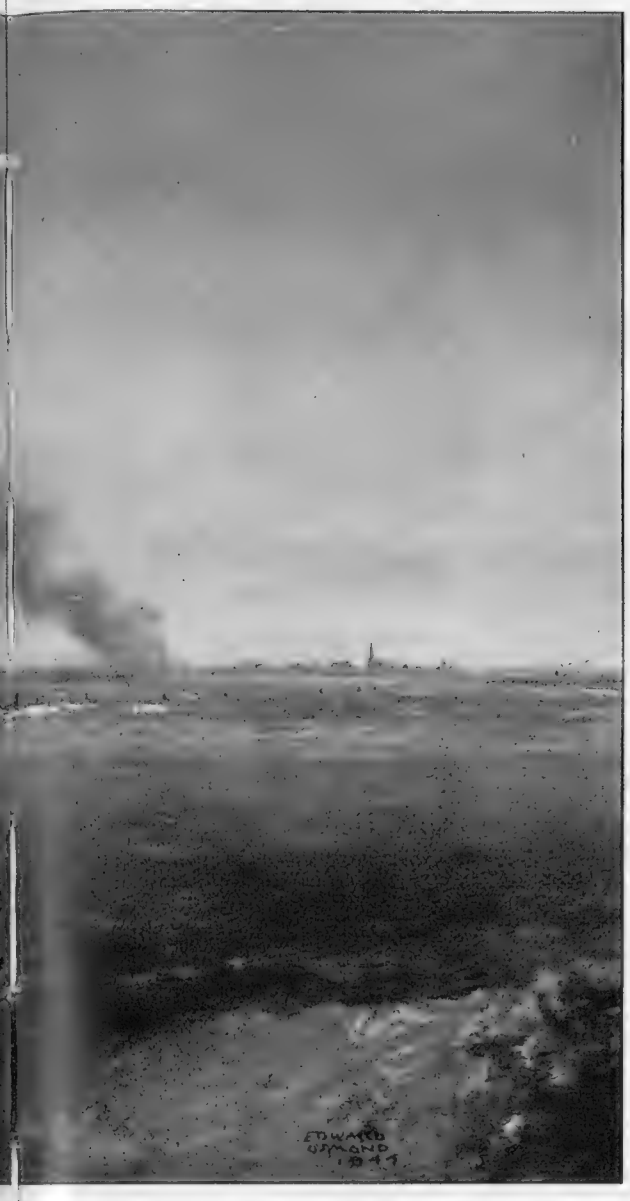
The FIGHTING in the POLDER COUNTRY

Battle Scenes Depicted by *Sphere* Artists

In the battle areas of Western Holland, the immense stretches of polder land, reaching out unbroken for miles to an apparently limitless horizon, have a curious psychological effect. Sometimes the effect is almost mesmeric; always (at such moments as that depicted in our drawing above) it is awe-inspiring. The distances are like those of the North African desert which, in the half-light, this country greatly resembles; they appear to be more illimitable than those at sea. In the drawing, a body of Allied troops are seen holding a line which runs more or less parallel with the Maas, towards which they are fighting. In this region, there is a long stretch of territory known as the "Maasland"; it is an area of water meadows, damper than those farther south, interspersed to a great extent with sheets of marshland. The great River Maas borders it on the north, both to east and west of Hertogenbosch, with Heusden as a solitary town on the banks of the river. The advance through Tilburg was most effective in pushing the enemy into his barges, and so across the river. Scotland was heartened to learn, in a very brief report from the front, that Scottish troops had been operating in this area. Soldiers engaged in cutting trenches in this soil are now used to the fact that water immediately appears at the bottom of the trench as soon as an excavation is made and that it gradually rises in height as the hours pass by

AN INCIDENT DURING THE FIGHTING ON SOUTH BEVELAND : The Dutch flag is hoisted once again on the tower of the church of Kloetinge, on the road to Goes. Away into the distance stretches the long, straight line of the railway leading to Flushing (*See notes at right*)—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

On left—"Along the road to Walcheren, which leads through South Beveland, lies the village of Kloetinge," wrote a Dutch correspondent now with the Canadian First Army. "It is a village, like so many on this island, which forms part of the Dutch Province of Zeeland—friendly, unassuming houses cluster round its church, and its church can be seen from far and wide, for the country is flat, lying between two arms of the Scheldt. When one approaches Kloetinge, one sees to-day a flag flying from the highest point of the steeple. It is the red, white and blue of Holland. There are holes in the building and in the tower; the church has been damaged by shell-fire. But from the steeple the flag is flying . . ."



WINTER COMES ON THE WESTERN FRONT. With the first snow of the season falling, and the promise of a long, cold winter to come, a Combat Engineer Battalion of the U.S. Army (supporting the Eighth Infantry Division) begins the task of erecting these shelters for the troops. Here they are seen putting up the first side of a winter hutment just behind the lines

***Below*—BATTLE TACTICS IN THE POLDER COUNTRY: a direct frontal assault at the Aftwaterings Canal, near Hertogenbosch. Flame-throwing tanks of the Second Army engaging the enemy at close range**—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker.* During the fighting along the Maas the Aftwaterings Canal was held stubbornly by the enemy. Every arm, except the air, was brought up to reduce this last important enemy bastion south of the Maas River. "The battle scene as darkness came down on the flat dykelands was as awe-inspiring as any during the battle for Holland," wrote one correspondent. Before the battle opened, flame-throwing tanks and guns had been brought up to the southern bank ready to open at point-blank range on the Germans dug in on the other side only a few yards away. A high canal bank hid them from enemy observation. Machine-gun and rifle fire was brought down on the enemy, keeping them pinned to their positions. Then the guns roared out right along the line—field-guns, mediums and Bofors. Coloured tracers ripped through the gloom. When the sappers were ready to move forward with bridging materials, the flame-throwers began belching great streams of fire across the canal, burning everything in range. In face of the searing blasts nothing could live. The storm of small-arms fire increased: smoke-screens came down, and infantry poured across the bridges now firmly in place

THE ODD SURRENDER OF THE GERMAN GARRISON IN MIDDELBURG. Two thousand five hundred Germans are guarded in the City Square by 250 British soldiers throughout a night of rain, after their Commander had ordered the parade—and then gone back to bed—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

A GERMAN DIVISION SURRENDERS AT MIDDELBURG

The Curious Scene when 2,500 Surrendered to 250 on Walcheren Island

At one o'clock in the morning, on November 7, the German General Daser, in command of the 70th ("White Bread") Division, suddenly decided to give in at Middelburg, on the island of Walcheren. At that moment there were fewer than 250 British and Canadian troops in the old and picturesque fifteenth-century town.

The German General had summoned all his commanders and told them to parade their men in the central square—some 2,500 of them. The soldiers duly paraded, and then squatted down in the square to wait through the remainder of the rainy night. At each street exit British soldiers were posted behind machine-guns, all of them tired out by their fighting activities of the past few days.

Meanwhile, the General himself—just went to bed! Having seen his orders for the parade carried out, General Daser retired to his headquarters, "threw a yellow quilt over his head and spent the night taking anti-neuralgia tablets and sipping an excellent champagne." He declined to surrender until dawn.

It was reported at the time of the surrender that the 70th, or "White Bread," Division contained a number of German soldiers reported to be suffering from stomach trouble, for which reason they were supplied with white bread—hence the odd title bestowed on the Division.

Certainly, a strange interlude in a grim war!

THE SCENE ON THE MORNING AFTER THE CAPITULATION. The German prisoners waiting to cross the canal near Middelburg on their way to internment

LIEUT.-GENERAL DASER, the Commander of the German 70th Division, who suffers from neuralgia, and who left his men to spend the night in the open whilst he went to bed in Middelburg

TWO PICTURES TAKEN IN MIDDELBURG AFTER THE SURRENDER: *On left*—some of the vast amount of weapons and munitions captured from the Germans. *On right*—an armoured reconnaissance car of the R.A.F. Regiment outside the station in the town—one of the few dry spots left amidst the floods

THE EPIC OF THE NAVY'S LITTLE SHIPS AT WESTKAPELLE, ON WALCHEREN ISLAND, where the assault craft came under the fire of German shore batteries and suffered "relatively heavy casualties" to craft and personnel—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

After the Royal Marine Commandos went ashore on the west coast of the island during the invasion of Walcheren, it was stated that the operation was "far worse than the Commando raid on Dieppe in 1942." Veterans of previous invasions freely stated that D-Day itself was "a picnic" by comparison. The weather was bad—and had been bad for some time previously, so that there could be little "softening up" of the enemy positions in advance by the R.A.F. In the first few minutes, ship after ship was hit by shells from German batteries on the shore. "Of the twenty-five support craft engaged," said Mr. A. V. Alexander, "nine were sunk and eight damaged, and of their crews 172 officers and men were killed and 200 wounded. Of forty-seven other major landing craft engaged, four were sunk and others damaged." The drawing by Mr. McDowell reproduced above shows the scene as the naval craft went in. To the right is one of the specially-fitted craft to deal with casualties: it was this type of vessel in which Surgeon-Captain W. R. D. Miller, D.S.O., did such heroic work, as reported at the time

THE PRIZE GAINED AS THE RESULT OF THE WALCHEREN EXPEDITION: Two views of the great port of Antwerp, showing the idle wharves and the idle shipping which will soon be in use again as the result of the freeing of the Scheldt estuary. In the picture on the left, a platoon of Pioneers is seen marching off to mount guard within the dock area: on the right is the big Southern Dock, filled with long and capacious river-barges

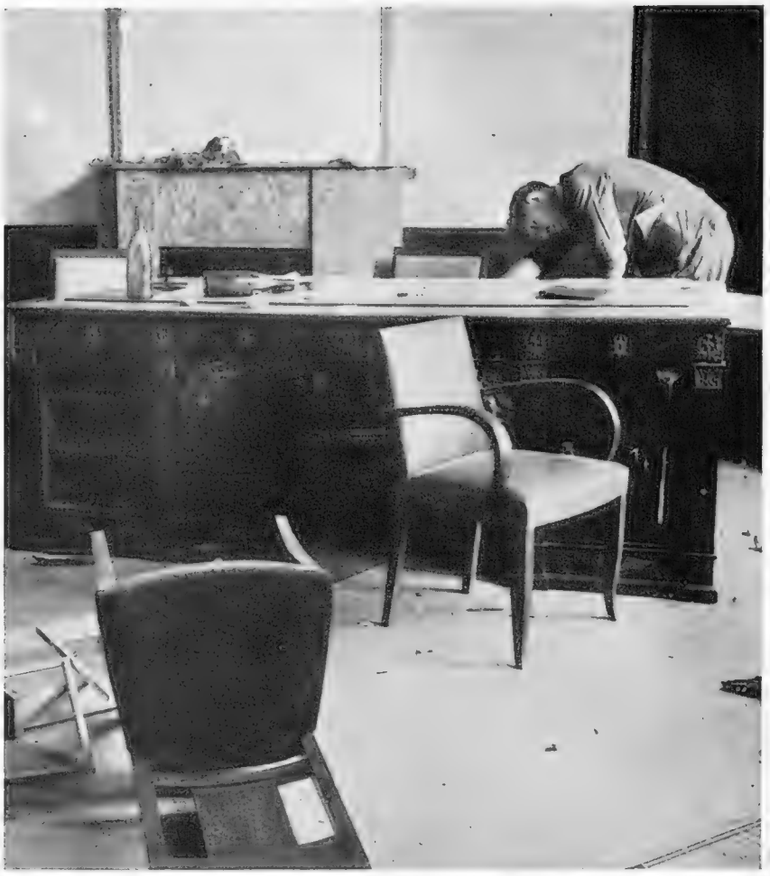
IN ANTWERP TO-DAY: some of the shipping sunk by the Germans

HITLER'S INVASION BARGES, many of which were never completed

The final reduction of the German forces in the Scheldt approaches to Antwerp has now been completed. The opening of the port for Allied supplies will provide the key for the final drive through to the German plains and the decisive trial of strength with the enemy. These pictures were taken in the dock area at Antwerp after the capture of the port by the Twenty-first Army Group on September 14. Antwerp lies 55 miles from the sea, so that the securing of its approaches was an essential before the port could begin to function again in Allied hands

PARIS—UNDER-GROUND

Scenes of the Gestapo and Resistance Headquarters During the Years of Enemy Occupation



THE MOST-DREADED ROOM IN PARIS : Room 322 in the Gestapo Headquarters, where the Nazi Security Service Chief had his private office. When the Germans left they smashed all the furniture in this room, slashing the upholstery to ribbons with their bayonets. Many Frenchmen must have suffered interrogation—and worse—here

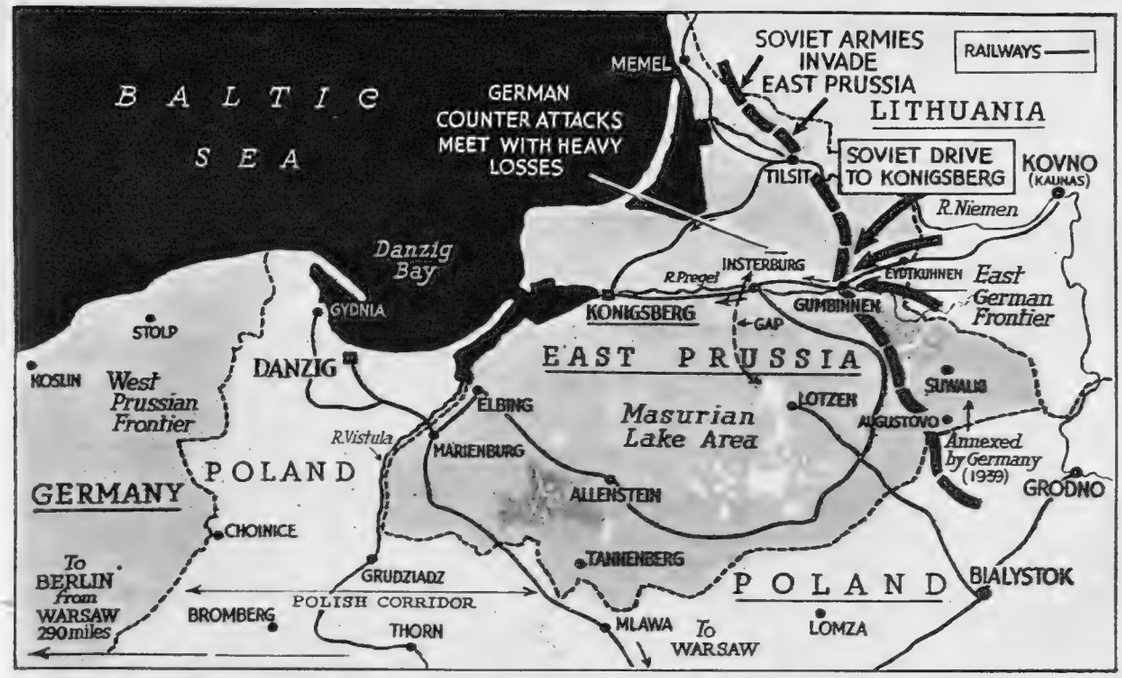
"DER KOMMANDEUR" : The sign outside Room 322, the inner office of the Head of the Gestapo torture gang in Paris

THE SECRET TELEPHONE COMMUNICATIONS OF THE PARIS F.F.I. : Situated deep underground, in the Headquarters building of the F.F.I., this switchboard linked the numerous posts with the Resistance Headquarters. In this way, warnings could be sent out quickly to any part of the city. It was from here that the final call to action, on the eve of the liberation of Paris, was issued

THE UNDERGROUND HEADQUARTERS OF THE F.F.I. IN PARIS : The doorway on the right was the entrance to the Command Post from which, underground and unsuspected by the Germans, the French Resistance movement directed its incessant fight against the Nazi oppressors during the years of the German occupation

AN ASPECT OF THE CITY TO-DAY : A view of the Champs-Élysées, along which hundreds of taxis used to roar. Now a few American jeeps or military staff cars represent the only motorised traffic, as petrol is available only for military purposes; but the Parisians have taken to bicycles and bicycle-taxis, in one of which two American soldiers are here seen riding

SEEING THE SIGHTS : U.S. Officers being shown around the Montmartre district on a sightseeing tour. In the background is the famous Moulin Rouge, known to thousands of pre-war tourists, which has recently opened up again



THE RUSSIAN ATTACK THROUGH EAST PRUSSIA. The battle at Gumbinnen for the passage through the Insterburg "Gap," now halted on account of the weather: Up till quite recently the Russians were pressing forward through East Prussia in very vigorous fashion. Their strategy was a simple one: they were trying to force a passage through the historic Insterburg Gap, the invasion route between the Baltic and the Masurian Lakes to Konigsberg. Here the Germans had created an ideal front which could not be outflanked because of the sea and the lakes: their line had been reinforced with a maze of fortifications. The first German defence line was broken by the Russians, nevertheless, and they were soon approaching the second line around Gumbinnen. The Germans had admitted Russian successes, and spoke of "the enemy units who were able to pour through": four reserve Panzer Divisions had been rushed up to stop the Russians. And then the Russian attack was halted! The cause of this was—the weather. Summer has gone, but winter has not yet arrived. Until the frosts come, the terrain is unsuited for warfare, and the Germans have thus gained a long-wished-for respite

THREE STRATEGIC AREAS

On East and West Fronts

Special Sphere Maps

THE FRONT IN LORRAINE, where General Patton is attacking the great fortress of Metz: The greater part of France has been freed of the Germans, but two huge provinces still remain to be liberated—historic Alsace and Lorraine. Behind these the Siegfried Line stretches from the Swiss border northwards; and it is to keep the Allies from a too close approach to this Line that the Germans are now resisting so fiercely around Metz. Furthermore, once the great fortress city falls, the way to the Saar Basin becomes open and many vital industries will be lost to the enemy. The country here is very tough, and the weather has been far from helpful to General Patton's Third Army: nevertheless, great progress has been made during recent days

***Below*: THE DUTCH "FORTRESS."** German military commentators in Berlin have recently been making reference to an area of Holland to which they have applied the term "The Dutch Fortress." This is roughly a parallelogram bounded at the four corners by Rotterdam, The Hague, Amsterdam and Utrecht. The area certainly includes a very important district of Holland, both from an historic and commercial standpoint: it contains two great ports—Amsterdam and Rotterdam—and the busy industrial centres of Utrecht, Delft, Hook of Holland, Leiden, Haarlem, and Hilversum (the great radio centre). All lie within the "Fortress," or very near to it. This is the heart of Holland: that the Germans are now calling it a "Fortress" is significant, as it obviously would lie on the left flank of the Allied armies should they decide to enter Germany farther to the south. On the south-east and south-west sides the parallelogram is guarded by inland waters: on The Hague side by the North Sea; on the north by the High Sea Canal. The shallow shore of the Zuider Zee runs south-east from Amsterdam. The tangle of waterways to the south is formidable. It remains to be seen, however, how far these several defence faces could be manned and maintained by the Germans!

"THE DUTCH FORTRESS," AS MILITARY COMMENTATORS IN BERLIN SEE IT: This is the parallelogram which faces the Allies in North Holland; and which constitutes an eventual threat to the Allied left flank (See *note above*)

AT CHATEAU SALINS, IN THE METZ FIGHTING AREA: Half-track vehicles of an American Armoured Division passing through this important and key town on the Moselle front. Chateau Salins was, for a time, in the front line, and it has been severely damaged by both German and American artillery

THE AMPHIBIAN ALLIGATOR hauls itself up on to the land. The Alligator is an American-built vehicle constructed for use in swampy country : it was used in the Solomons and elsewhere in the Pacific. Its purpose is to transport ammunition and supplies to units in the battle area, either through swamps or from a sea landing. The Alligator is propelled through the water by means of its caterpillar tracks : it can be launched from a ship and thence direct through the water on to land. Once on terra firma the vehicle can traverse rough ground in similar fashion to a tank. In Europe, a similar amphibian, the "Buffalo," has made its appearance and was used at Walcheren Island

AN HISTORIC PICTURE : THE GATHERING OF BRITISH SHIPS IN ALGIERS which

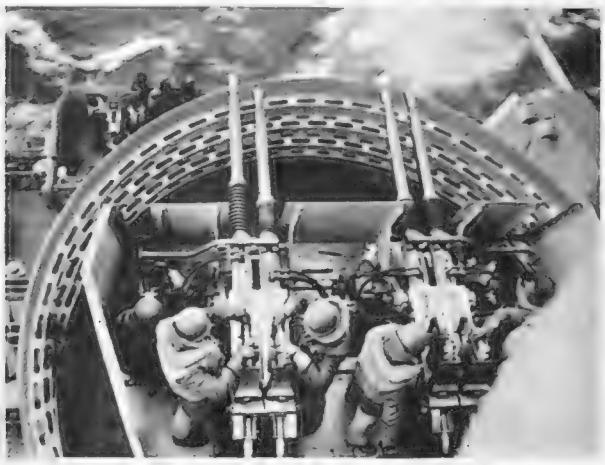
INVASION NAVAL "SECRETS"

And New Developments in the Rapidly Expanding American Navy

THE U.S.S. "IOWA," LATEST OF AMERICAN BATTLESHIPS, which has been operating with the famous "Task Force 58" in the Pacific war

The *Iowa* is the latest of the American Navy's battleships. She has recently joined the *New Jersey*, *Wisconsin*, *Illinois* and *Kentucky* at sea, and has participated with the famous "Task Force 58" in the Pacific. *Iowa* is a battleship of 45,000 tons : she was laid down in New York in June 1940, and was launched on February 22, 1943. She has a complement of approximately 2,500 men, and has an overall length of 900 ft. Her fire-power is tremendous : she has nine 16-in. guns in triple turrets, twenty 5-in. guns along the sides in two levels, and 148 anti-aircraft weapons, ranging from 20 mm. to 5 in. The huge ship is the deadliest in the American Navy.

Her speed is officially stated to be 33 knots, but 35 knots have been unofficially reported. The cost of this great vessel was just over 92,000,000 dollars. When fully loaded, her displacement is 52,600 tons, which must make her one of the heaviest battleships in the world. She is one of a class of six.



DURING HER TRIALS : Three types of A.-A. fire are here seen undergoing tests ; on the left is a 20-mm. gun ; in the foreground are 40-mm. quadruple mounts ; and at the right is a 5-in. gun

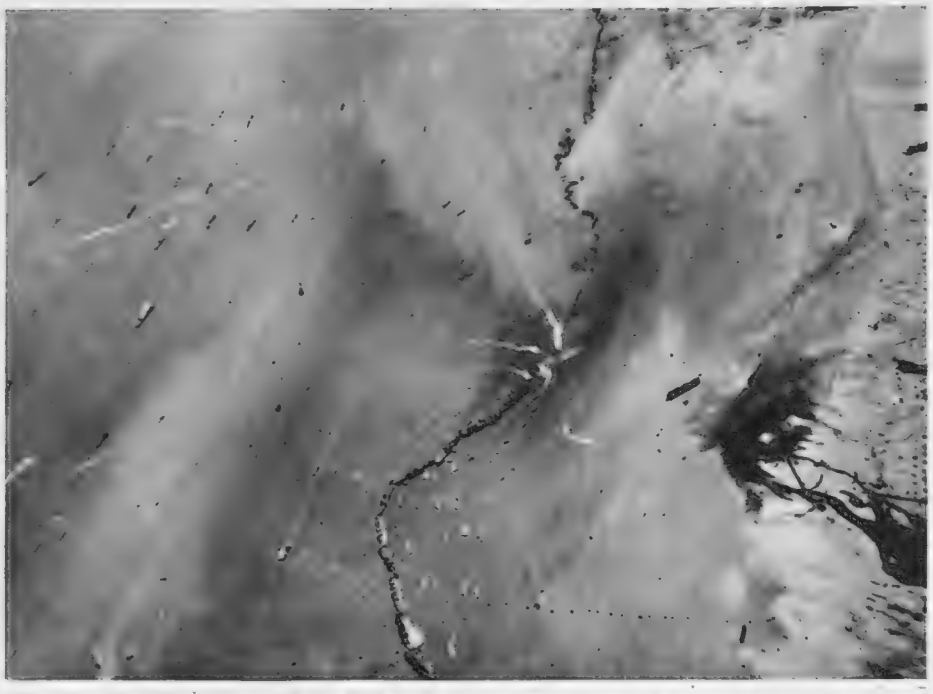
On right—**A BOW-ON VIEW OF THE "IOWA," showing the slim, deadly lines of the new 45,000-ton battleship**

Above—**A view from the bridge looking towards the extended bow of the vessel and showing two of the triple turrets of 16-in. guns**

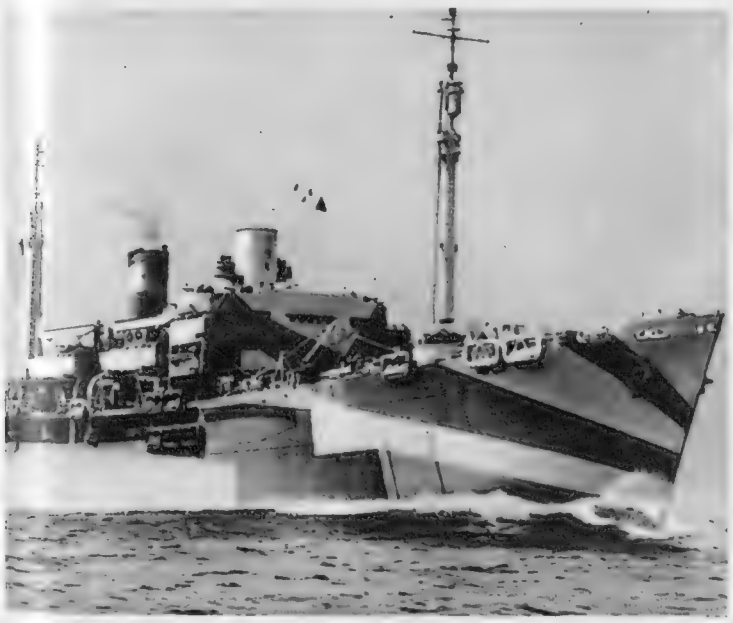
HARBOUR IN APRIL 1943, BEFORE THE INVASION OF SICILY A FEW WEEKS LATER—a view only recently released by the Admiralty, showing some of the vessels took part in the invasion operations and subsequent bombardments of the Sicilian and Italian coasts

On July 10, 1943, the Allied forces under General Eisenhower invaded the island of Sicily : in the weeks prior to that great event, concentrations of fighting ships were being effected in the Western Mediterranean, with Algiers as the focal point. This picture was taken in April 1943 : beyond the jetty running across the centre of the harbour are the battleships *Rodney* and *Nelson*, with the aircraft-carrier *Formidable* on the right. Lying against the jetty are the cruiser *Dido*, with H.M.S. *Maidstone*, a submarine depot ship, on the right. In the left foreground is *Leonian*, a boom-defence ship ; in the centre is H.M.S. *Vienna*, an M.L. parent ship ; in the right foreground is the bow of H.M.S. *Ashanti*, a Tribal-class destroyer. Just above *Vienna* are several Hunt-class destroyers and H.M.S. *Carlisle*, a mine-laying cruiser. Just above the *Ashanti* is H.M.S. *Oakley*, of the improved Hunt class of destroyers

Two pictures on right—During the early days of the Invasion of France, ships were deliberately sunk off the Normandy coast to create breakwaters for the protection of shipping facilities at the beachheads. The upper picture on the right shows an aerial view of a string of ten ships thus scuttled to form an artificial barrier : a photographer in a Ninth Air Force plane, en route to bomb Nazi positions on the Continent, made the picture. The dark "L"-shaped line in the lower picture on the right shows another breakwater created by the same means. It will be recalled that just after D-Day a gale blew up in the Channel, and this caused the destruction of the "Mulberry" breakwaters intended to protect the shipping coming in to the beaches on the American sectors : the work of supply and reinforcement had to be maintained, however, and with the absence of a big port to handle the shipping rough-and-ready methods, such as those shown in the two pictures herewith, were necessary. The pictures reproduced here have only recently been released for publication

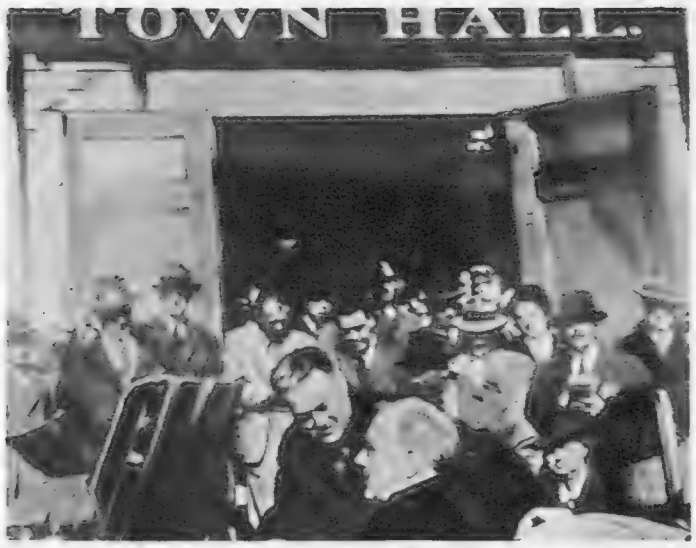


ONE OF THE INVASION SECRETS REVEALED : Two aerial views of a breakwater of ships created off the Normandy beachhead, so that the invasion supply vessels might be protected from the heavy gales during unloading operations



A NEW AMERICAN "COMBAT TRANSPORT" during the course of a test run : This is a new-type vessel which has been designed to carry fighting forces and their supplies direct to the scene of amphibious operations : it is known to the U.S. Navy as the BD-1, and is here seen making a trial run off the American Pacific coast. The Secretary of the Navy, Mr. James V. Forrestal, said on September 27 that the BD-1's are "a vital link in any operations we shall conduct in the Pacific." Complete fighting units in themselves, these ships have many revolutionary features which were developed from the experience gained during recent operations by sea and by land

HOW THE WAR PROGRESSES ON MANY WIDELY-SEPARATED FRONTS



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT GOES TO THE POLL : Seated in his car outside the Town Hall at Hyde Park (New York), where he recorded his vote during the Presidential election. Talking to Mr. Roosevelt is Mr. Elmer van Wagner, the District Supervisor

VICTIMS OF THE NAZIS HONOURED IN BELGIUM : A general view of the cemetery at Schaarbeek, where 261 executed persons are buried. In 1889 a National Shooting Gallery was erected at Schaarbeek, on the outskirts of Brussels, in order that marksmen from all over the world could compete. On September 23, 1915, the Shooting Gallery was taken over by the Germans, and thirty-five patriots were shot there, including Nurse Cavell (on October 12, 1915). In 1940 the Germans again entered Brussels and took over the Shooting Gallery. They immediately destroyed the Edith Cavell Memorial and removed her grave. They also destroyed the memorial to the thirty-five 1914-18 victims. They then began executing Poles, Belgians, Hungarians, Bulgarians and Russians—mostly Jews. They shot 261 identified, and 71 unidentified, victims. Belgians are now taking care of these graves and paying homage to the victims of the Nazis

H.M.S. "EMPEROR" MAKES A HAUL OF GERMAN AND ITALIAN PRISONERS IN THE AEGEAN : The men lined up on the escort carrier's flight deck. Hellcat fighter-bombers (which played a large part in the liberation of the islands) are seen at the left. This picture illustrates the manner in which the islands of the Aegean are being liberated from the Nazi yoke. H.M.S. *Emperor*, one of the escort carriers operating there, came to anchor in the harbour of Chios recently. She took on board from a British motor-launch over a hundred German and Italian prisoners captured in the islands. Their attitude was chiefly one of indifference and of acquiescence in their fate. They were obviously impressed by the close-up view they got of the Hellcat fighter-bombers which have played a large part in strafing the Germans throughout the islands. Later, they were taken to an Allied port for internment. The cruiser *Colombo* and the destroyer *Troubridge*, which were in company, took similar loads

MR. CHURCHILL VISITS SOUTH-EASTERN FRANCE : Accompanied by General de Gaulle and General Juin, the Prime Minister saw units of the French Army during a trip which took him to Besancon, near the Swiss border

SOUTH AFRICAN BEAUFIGHTERS ATTACK ENEMY GOODS TRAINS IN YUGOSLAVIA : Rockets are here seen being fired at an enemy train near Novska. This picture shows one truck already ablaze (to the right of the pall of smoke), with three more rockets speeding towards the target

OTHER BEAUFIGHTERS ATTACK THE BARRACKS AT BJELOVER, IN YUGOSLAVIA : The South African aircraft used bombs and rocket projectiles and also machine-gunned the barracks. It was later set on fire, in one of the many operations carried out by the newly-formed Balkan Air Force

THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE TOWARDS BUDAPEST: In the course of their Hungarian offensive, the troops of the Second Ukrainian front captured the town of Segedin, second only to Budapest itself in size and importance. This picture shows the Red Army marching through the city streets

MARSHAL STALIN RECEIVES THE "ORDER OF VICTORY," a recently instituted award. President Kalinin made the presentation which had been voted by the Supreme Soviet for "pre-eminent services in the organisation and carrying out of offensive operations by the Red Army resulting in the great defeat of the German Army"

THE NEW NAZIFIED RULERS OF HUNGARY—the "National Socialist Arrow Cross" hold a council of war near Budapest. This is the organisation of which Major Franz Szalasy is the head. By its recent coup, Admiral Horthy was forced from office and Szalasy became Hitler's new Gauleiter in Hungary

THE NEW FINNISH PRIME MINISTER: On November 7, still another political crisis developed in Finland: it led to the resignation of M. Castren, who succeeded M. Hackzell when the latter fell ill during the armistice negotiations in Moscow. The new Premier was announced by the Finnish radio on November 11 to be M. Juho Paasikivi. It was he who led the Finnish Peace Delegation which went to Russia in the early part of this year: his proposals to his own people were rejected by them on that occasion

A BATTLEFIELD BROADCAST TO THE JAPS IN BURMA—with portable amplifier, an officer broadcasts in their own tongue to cornered enemy troops, offering them a chance to surrender: To avoid needless bloodshed, cornered Japs in Burma are invited to surrender by members of the Psychological Warfare Division of S.E.A.C. If the first chance is ignored, the Japs receive severe shelling; then Japanese music is played, followed by a second broadcast invitation. The Japs usually accept—if not, they are soon blotted out by the guns

PRINCE UMBERTO VISITS THE ITALIAN PEOPLE. On November 5 the Lieutenant-Governor paid a surprise visit to Rimini and the surrounding district. He was not attended by an Allied escort, or officer guide, and his visit was described as an "unofficial" one. Prince Umberto has succeeded his father, the discredited Vittorio Emmanuele, as head of the Italian State

WOMEN in the NEWS

Personality Pictures of Public Figures and Service Women

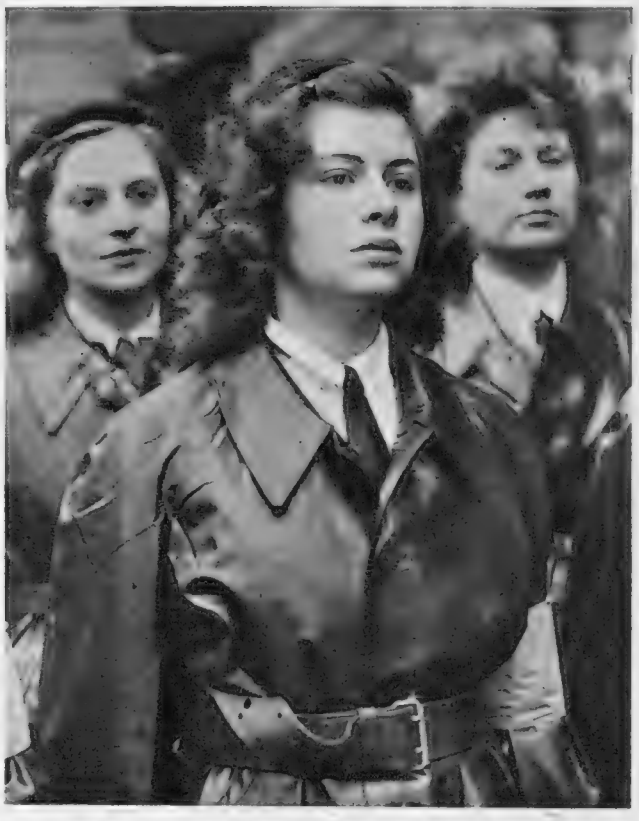
A NEW PERSONALITY IN CONGRESS : Helen Gahagan, formerly an actress, has just been elected Democratic Congresswoman in California. She is the wife of Melvyn Douglas, a well-known film star in Hollywood, and she has two children, aged eleven and six years. After her election, she was referred to as a "Glamour Girl" in opposition to Mrs. Clare Booth Luce, the Republican Congresswoman and critic of President Roosevelt

FRONT-LINE ENSA ACTRESS : To get a notice displayed in the centre of Tilburg, Holland, Miss Estelle Murison, an Ensa girl from London, entered the town under fire with the British Second Army. Her notice told the troops that the concert party "Five Smart Girls" intended to visit Tilburg as soon as the town was cleared

"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL W.A.C. IN THE EUROPEAN THEATRE OF OPERATIONS." She is Corporal Ruby Newell and she comes from Long Beach, California. She was one of six finalists present at the recent U.S. Army-Navy game at the White City, where the final selection was made. When the title had duly been bestowed on Miss Newell, she was introduced to the crowd by General James Doolittle

"QUEEN ETHEL" RETURNS TO THE STAGE AT SIXTY-FIVE : A close-up of Miss Ethel Barrymore, "First Lady of the Stage," taken behind the scenes at the National Theatre in Washington, following the opening night of her new play, *Embezzled Heaven*. At the age of sixty-five, she is still in her acting prime

THE NEW VICE-CHAIRMAN OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY : Miss Marjorie Maxse, C.B.E., who succeeds Mrs. Somerset Maxwell. Miss Maxse has had a close association with the organisation. From 1921 until the outbreak of war she was a member of the Central Office, first as administrator and subsequently as Chief Organisation Officer. During the war she has been Director of the Children's Overseas Reception Board, and Vice-Chairman of the Women's Voluntary Services



WOMEN OF THE F.F.I. IN LONDON : Two hundred young men and women of the French Forces of the Interior arrived in Britain last week as guests of the Government. They marched through London by way of the Cenotaph to the Mansion House, where they were received by the Lord Mayor : they have since been paying visits to many parts of the British capital

A VISITING P.T. INSTRUCTOR FOR THE A.T.S. Sergeant Joy Robinson, who has been in the A.T.S. for three years, was formerly a dancing-teacher. She visits six A.-A. sites every week

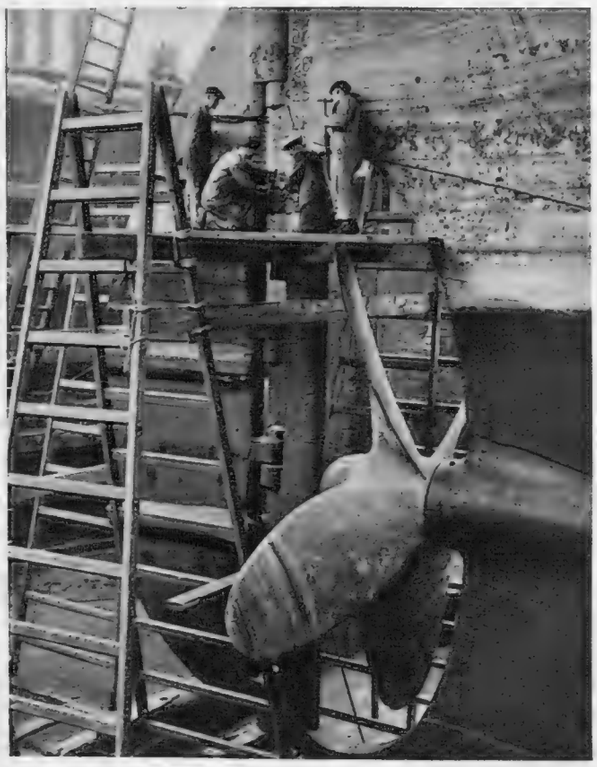
FOUR STARS FROM HOLLYWOOD NOW IN LONDON. They are June Clyde, Mary Brian, Charlotte Greer and Frank McHugh, and they have come over to give "Camp Shows" to U.S. troops here and on the Continent. Two of them—June Clyde and Frank McHugh—are making their second tour of the battlefronts

THE FIRST ENGLISH W.A.A.F.S. IN AUSTRALIA : They are Section Officer Sylvia Kent, of Farnham ; Flight Officer Jean Train, of Forest Row ; and Section Officer Louise Cooke, of Leicester. They are here seen (seated) chatting to A.C.W. Leah Giddings and Corporal Jean McClelland just after their arrival in Melbourne

WORK IN WARTIME—

New Jobs, New Methods, Old Hands

THE WORK OF THE SHIPBUILDERS OF MERSEYSIDE: From left to right—S. Cromelholme, a borer, 61 years of age—35 years in ship work; J. Mahon, riveter, 56—35 years in ship work; Charles Ashort, marine engineer fitter, 45—24 years in ship work; J. Kelley, riveter, 66—40 years in ship work. The curtain which has covered the shipyards of Merseyside and other British ports during the war may now be lifted a little. We know that in the five years of the war, so far Merseyside alone has refitted and repaired 600 ships of the Royal Navy and hundreds of crippled merchantmen, the average time taken being three days per ship. The average age of the workers is high, many of them being between 60 and 70 years, but never a strike in the whole of the war has held up work on such varied craft as A.-A. cruisers, destroyers, landing craft, and merchantmen of all descriptions. These "Bevin's Grandfathers" have a fine record of punctuality and efficiency, and have done one of the best jobs of the war



WORKERS ON MERSEYSIDE removing the damaged rudder of a 6,000-ton cargo ship—one of many hundreds of crippled merchantmen repaired during the war

A NEW SYSTEM TO SPEED UP THE REPAIR OF BLASTED WINDOWS, by means of an electrical machine which saves many hours of labour: The two pictures above were taken at a demonstration of a new system of window repair by the use of an electrical machine which chips out the putty. It is the idea of Mr. Cyril Walker, the Croydon Borough Valuer, and it may soon be adopted in a number of towns: it is claimed that the new appliance can do in minutes work which has hitherto taken hours. In the left-hand picture Mr. George Hicks, M.P., is trying the machine: the method of its operation is shown on the right

THE "FLUFFERS" WHO WORK BY NIGHT on London's Underground Railway system: No sooner have passengers by the last train passed from the Tube stations out into the night than the necessary work of cleaning tunnels and escalators begins. A corps of forty-six women is employed. Some, called fluffers, work on the tunnels, removing dust, grease, and the fluff from passengers' clothing that blows along the line [and is inflammable; hence the importance of the job. The rest clean the escalators. Most are married and have children

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE BEACH AT RAMSGATE, littered with blocks put in during the dark days of 1940. The Town Council are now beginning to restore the front and are removing these obstacles by various means

Ramsgate Town Council have decided to begin the work of restoration of the sea front. The Council, recognising the urgent need, and having regard to the fact that it must, of necessity, be carried out before the town can again function as a seaside resort, have given instructions for the work to proceed, whether the cost is paid ultimately out of the sum received for compensation or by grant or loan. On the right, one of the concrete tank barriers is seen being demolished

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

ENGLAND'S SOCIAL HISTORY in POEM FORM

Francis Brett Young's Narrative Poem; Impressions and Memories of G. B. Stern; A Modern Fairy-Tale; An Ingenious Crime Story

SINCE it has been said that England is nowhere greater than in her poetry, let us consider the importance of the literary event of the week, the publication of Mr. Francis Brett Young's long narrative poem, presenting the social history of England from the earliest times to the present day. THE ISLAND (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) opens with a panoramic survey of that early history, from Cæsar's first invasion to the typical life of an early settler, the coming of Aelfred (presumably the same man who burned the caekes), up to the story of the poet Langland, who returned to his native heath in 1380.

Here there is an interesting point to note: it is Langland and not Chaucer that Mr. Brett Young has chosen to express the spirit of an age, Langland the countryman, and not Chaucer the man from the cities, already influenced by French taste. In other words, a nearer model for Mr. Brett Young's own inclinations, for he himself writes as a man who hates cities, and who sees England's only future in the countryside. "... my prison house in London, the land of strangers," says his William Langland, like an echo of the author's thought.

"THE CITADEL"—LONDON'S UGLIEST BUILDING, whose function still remains a mystery. It has been built of brown stone and concrete at the side of the Admiralty in the Mall: Although built some time ago, it is only within the past few days that pictures of "The Citadel" (or "Fort Churchill," or "Lenin's Tomb," as it has been variously named) have been released for publication. It stands at the corner of the Horse Guards Parade and has high, bare, frowning walls like a Bastille. Only a few gratings and a few camouflaged windows break up its blank appearance: it has strange angles, a square tower, air shafts and steel doors, and it is connected to the Admiralty building lying immediately behind it. Despite various stories for long current in London about its "secret passages" and the staffs hard at work beneath it, its true purpose has not yet been officially disclosed

There follow the Wars of the Roses, the journey of Cabot,

"Bristol-made and Bristol-manned,
With a crew as tough as any afloat,
She sailed that day in search of land,
And her captain's name was John Cabote,"

the victory over the Spanish Armada, and the setting forth of the Pilgrim Fathers. Since this is a poetic panorama and not a detailed survey, the plan has been to show England in every stage of her social history through a series of dramatic scenes. For instance, the early eighteenth century is shown in vignette as an age of fastidious manners, and the period of the making of Empire, while the coming of steam and its repercussions on industry is followed by a survey of the effects of the French Revolution on England.

So it goes on to a bitterly satirical account of the decadent years between 1918 and 1939, until the "winged victory" of 1940 enables the poet to conclude that in all his story there has been no page brighter than this.

"... we have lived in a great age;
The ancient glory fades not from our name
And goodly is our Island heritage."

Throughout this long poem England is seen as the home of liberty and good sense. Back in A.D. 78 the Roman centurion declares:

"... Sometimes I think I see
This Island as the ultimate sanctuary
Of ordered life."

It is that theme which persists, and which is worked out with such emotional effect. Constantly the poet lays the emphasis on the landscape and on rural life; the very poem has its roots in the soil.

"... his mind
Dreamed of a new Jerusalem
Builded on this dear soil, where none
Should profit by his kinsmen's dearth,
But without grudge or lust of gain
Partake the matchless benison
That God had given to English earth
In kindliness and brotherhood. ..."

The trumpeter from that famous set of china dolls, the Meissener Monkey Orchestra, is the central figure of G. B. Stern's new book of reminiscences, TRUMPET VOLUNTARY (Cassell. 12s. 6d.). It stands on the mantelpiece of her Albany flat, and the novelist says that for her it "will always declare the celebration of life." The book itself is a sensuous revel in the mutinous and irrepressible manifestations of life as she enjoys it. They dispel panic and loneliness, they vindicate "that multitudinous death" which threatened us all so nearly in 1940.

Thus simply does Miss Stern tie up a heterogeneous rag-bag of memories, a rich farrago of impressions, a luscious pudding stuffed with all her favourite sugar-plums of fond prejudice and preference. Max Beerbohm prefers to resemble her style to turtle-soup—"a great lake of thick turtle-soup in which one swims warmly at one's leisure, swallowing from time to time gratefully and without indigestion one of the lumps of green fat that float too prodigally on its surface." I still think of her as a pudding-maker, for in devouring this book I was reminded of the small boy whose idea of heaven was to be boiled into a pudding from which he had to eat his way out.

The novelist discourses endlessly—about her cats, her famous friends (Rebecca, Noel, Alfred, Lynn), about noise (she does not like it), about middle-age (she glories in it), about food and wine, about *her* books and *her* paintings and *her* favourite records, about words and dictionaries and everything else that occurs to her garrulous and appreciative mind. The book should be taken in small doses, preferably in bed when you are already a bit woolly and uncritical. It recalls many nice things, and has some good things, such as the Grand Finale of Tiresome Women or the Premier's word on victory: "Its bright gleam has touched the helmets of our soldiers." This book would make an excellent Christmas present for a not too highbrow friend.

The best thing that can be said about such a novel-fantasy as TITANIA HAS A MOTHER (Joseph. 8s. 6d.) is that it creates its own mood and switches the reader from contemplation of mundane worries to a revel in a witty, impossible world of the author's own devising. In other words, Caryl Brahms and S. J. Simon have very nearly done it again. Not quite, in my view, because the main joke here is not as good a one as in *No Nightingales*, but very nearly.

The joke—in another type of book it would be called the theme—is a strictly 1940 view of the fairy-tales (as dressed by Norman Hartnell, decor by Oliver Messel, photographed by Cecil Beaton). The story covers every part of Fairyland, from the old fairy stories to Walt Disney, and from time to time there appear in the background the brothers Grimm, Hans Andersen and Perrault, brooding benevolently over their creations. The main thread is the tale of the Sleeping Beauty and her awakening by Ivan the Peasant, seventh son of a seventh son.

Parallel with this are the endless court intrigues, which end in a triumph for Titania's mother, a wicked fairy who at last succeeds in marrying her daughter to the oafish Oberon. And this in spite of an infatuation with Prince Charming, the prototype of all bores whose wives don't understand them. In this case, of course, that is Cinderella, who thinks that having very small feet is enough distinction for one lifetime, and who concentrates on furnishing the palace with antimacassars.

The whole thing has the light touch of a successful soufflé cook, and is most amusing, provided that you remember all the fairy stories fairly well and catch the allusions as they float past you. If you don't, the soufflé may fall irremediably and be an almost total loss. But the authors obviously count on their public having at least one kind of erudition, and who are we to let them down?

I must admit that I am strongly prejudiced in favour of Mr. Anthony Gilbert's new book, because it is one of those crime stories in which the murderer makes an appearance or two under that very title, has a drink at the pub, chats to a prospective victim and is never identified but as "The Murderer." It is a good trick if you know how to play it, and it is also a difficult one to do without what whodunit purists would regard as cheating. After I had finished the book, I re-read several earlier passages to make sure, in my carping way, that there had been no unfair clue-dodging, but all was well.

THE SCARLET BUTTON (Crime Club. 8s. 6d.) is a satisfactory story in other respects, with good dialogue, a worthy victim for at least the first murder and a pleasantly-human treatment of domestic scenes. As I heard a lady novelist say reluctantly of another lady novelist one evening, "You have to admire the way 'X' handles her crowds." Mr. Gilbert handles his pretty well too, and what his book lacks in excitement it makes up in ingenuity.

AN ATTEMPT TO SOLVE THE HOUSING PROBLEM IN HORNSEY: The Borough Engineer, Mr. J. H. Melville-Richards, is here seen with his model of a block of seven-storey flats which it is proposed to erect on a bombed site at Stroud Green as part of the Council's wartime housing scheme. The model shows that the flats will be provided with garages, pram sheds, day-nursery, communal laundry, roof garden, deck-chair store and electric lift

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to sincerely—shall I say, *honestly?*—inform you . . ." At the end of the speech, I said to my friend, "Interesting, but the old boy had a nice line in split infinitives! Now, if I were going to speak—let's say about the *I.V.* Pressure Controller because you've asked me to explain it to you—I'd say: The *I.V.* Controller harnesses steam, gases and liquids at a pressure above that of the atmosphere. It's a wonderful application of a law of nature—Boyle's Law. The *I.V.* Pressure Controller is both *Instantly Variable* and *Infinitely Variable*. On important war work to-day, it will play in the post-war world a large part in effecting internal economies in shipping, chemical, refining and other industries. In conclusion, I would suggest that for further information, the best course is to straightaway write to the makers—the Bell Punch Company." My friend corrected me gently. "Straightaway *to* write," he said. "And I shall!" he added.

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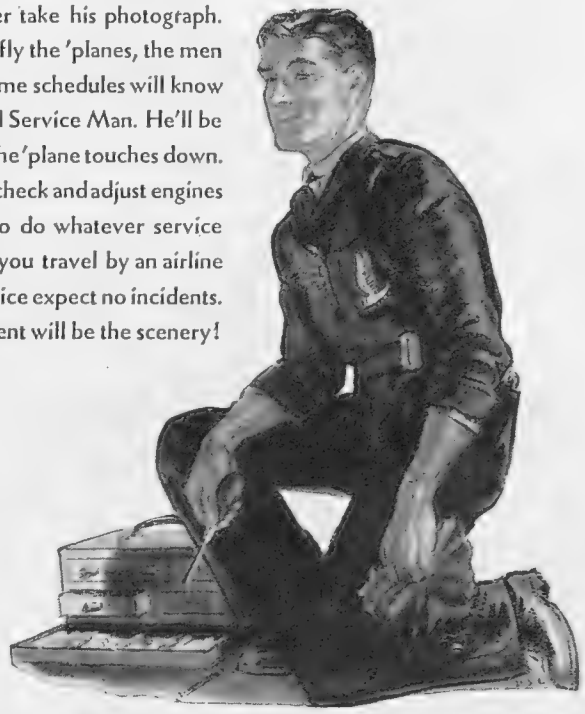

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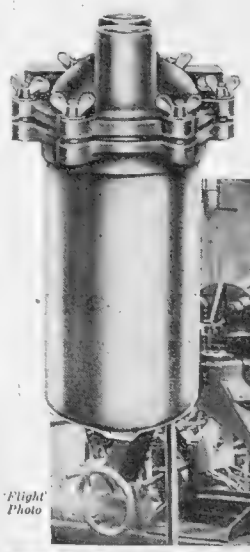

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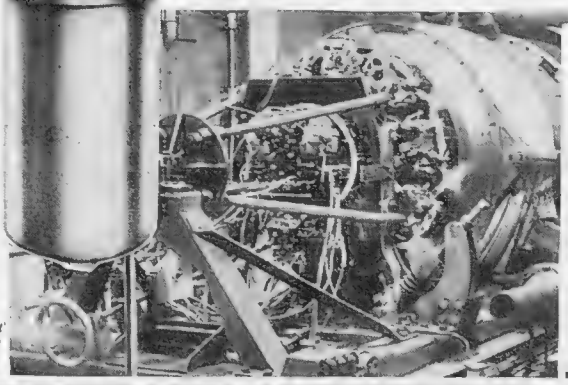

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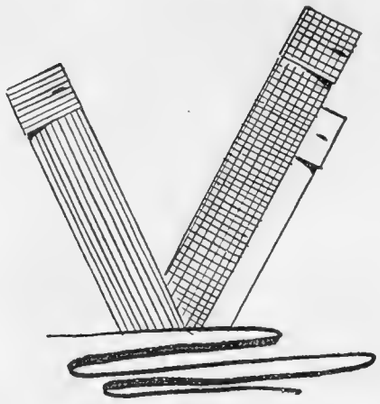

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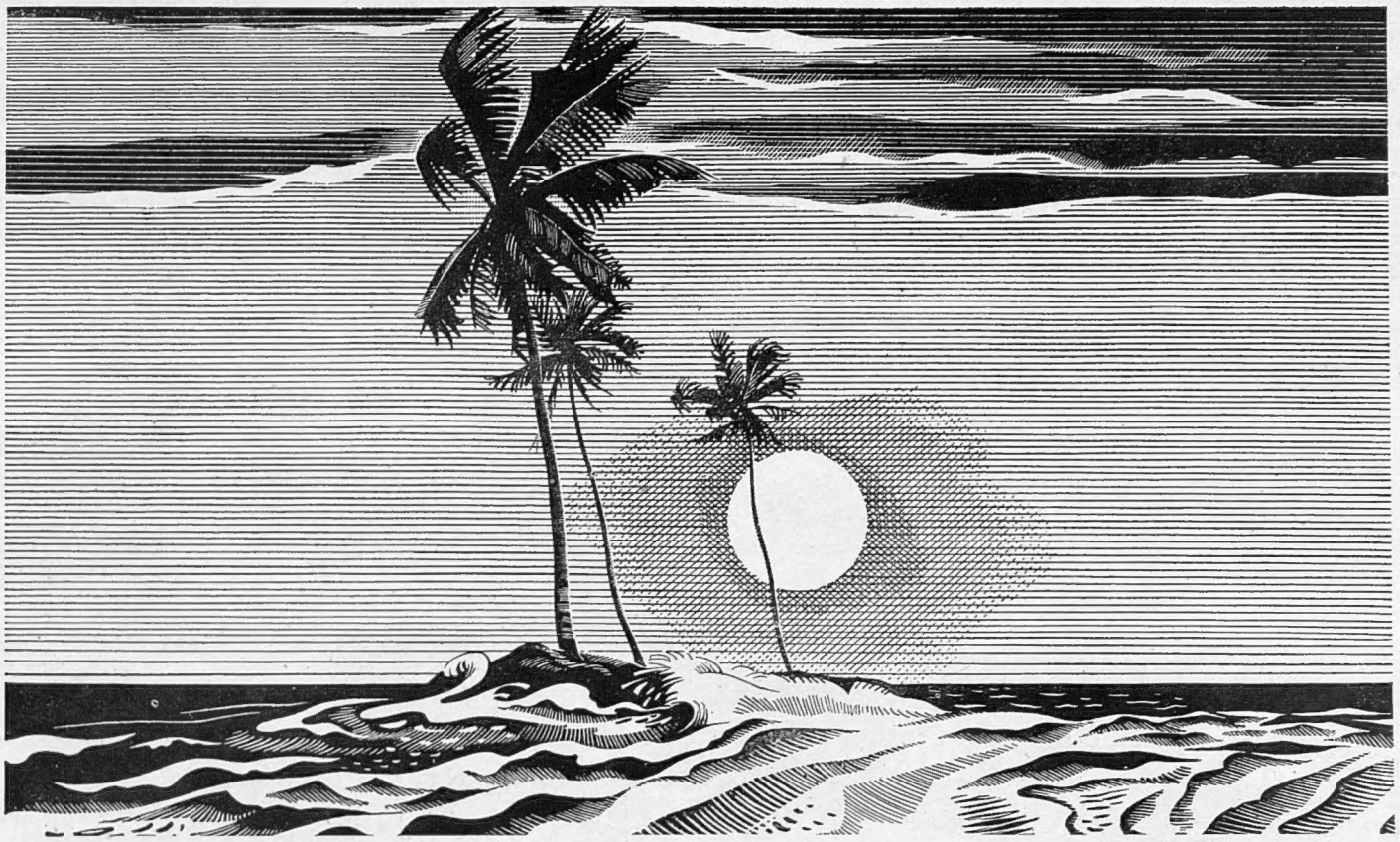

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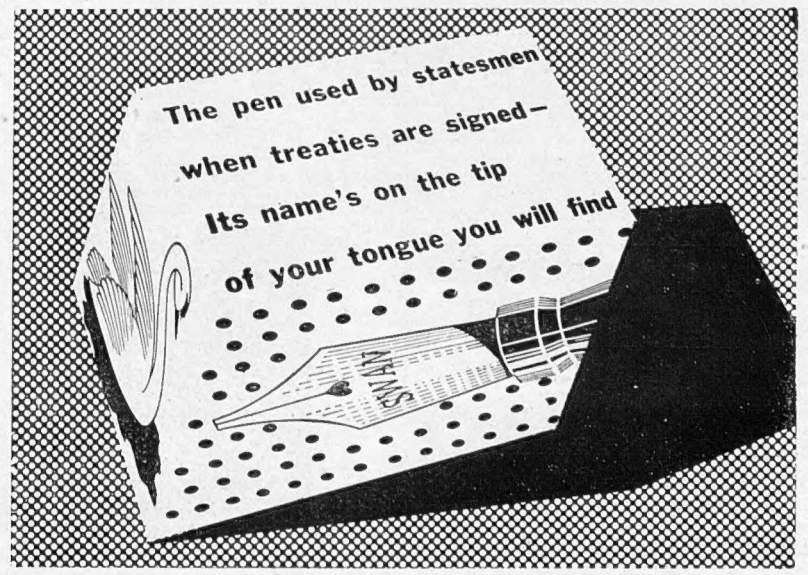

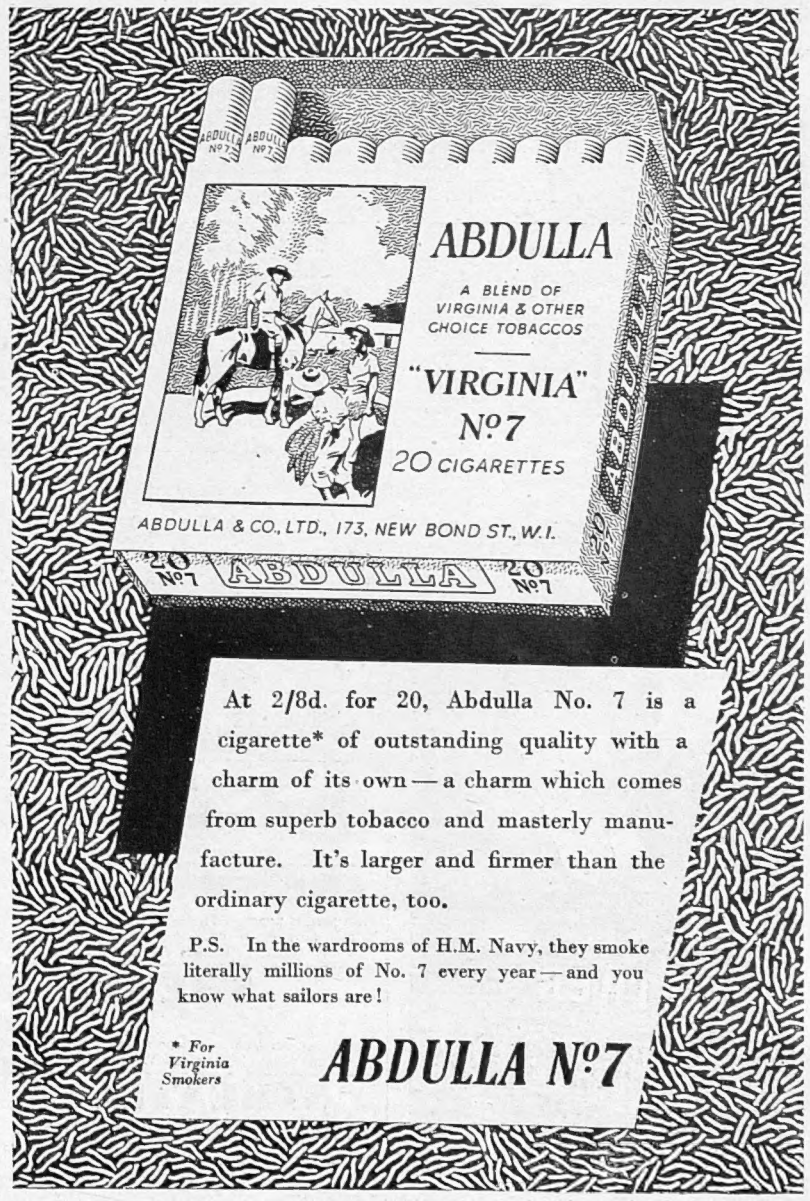

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